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## ALICE, THE FISHER-GIRL:

—OR—

### THE OLD MAN OF THE WRECK.

A Story of Old England and the Ocean.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

#### CHAPTER XIV.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.



"I wish I were sure," he murmured to himself, while he bowed his head.

The doctor heard his words, and he turned towards him.

"Did you speak to me?" the latter asked.

"To you?" the earl uttered, starting up and looking his companion in the face. "No, no—I spoke to myself."

Dillon smiled, for he did not know how deeply the earl was moved, and he was upon the point of making some light remark, when he detected the plans which lay upon the table.

"Ah," he uttered, "you must excuse me if I help myself to some of this fruit. I am extremely fond of it."

"You may have as much as you please," returned Alice; "but I should hardly recommend it. I cannot eat it."

"And why not? Is it not ripe?"

"It may be ripe, sir, but not very clean."

"Not clean? Why the plans look clean enough."

"And perhaps they may be," said Alice, as she arose from her chair and approached the table. "They were left here by an old woman who came begging, and her appearance was filthy in the extreme. You will notice that some of the plans are quite dirty."

As the maid spoke she picked up one—the one she had examined before—and some of the dirt was still upon it.

"An old woman dressed in black, wasn't it?" said the earl.

"Yes, sir," answered Alice.

"I saw her. She came out of the park this morning."

"Yes, yes," added the doctor. "I remember now of having seen her. Very likely she stole these plans, for I think Sir William has some just like them."

"She said she got them there; and that some one gave them to her," explained Alice.

In the meantime the doctor had taken up some of the fruit, and was examining it attentively. While he was doing this his countenance changed, and his hand trembled.

"What is it?" asked the earl, who had been watching him.

Dillon held the same plan in his hand which Alice had picked up, and had found a place where the skin had been punctured and then closed over again. He opened the plan, and the substance which Alice had thought looked like dirty flour was found to have been jammed down into the fruit.

"This is dirty," said the doctor, as he placed that plan on one side, and then passed on to the next for another. He found several which had been operated upon in the same way, and at length he looked up from his work, and his face wore a look of startling meaning.

"An old woman, you say, left these here?" he said, turning to the maiden.

"Yes, sir."

"And do you know who she was?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever see her before?"

"Not that I know of."

"But you would know her if you should see her again?"

"I should."

"You must take these plans in the basin and bury them. Bury them so deep that nothing

can dig them up. These which I have picked out here, I shall keep."

"But what is it, doctor?" asked the widow, with nervous anxiety.

"What is the matter with them?" asked Alice.

"Ay, doctor," said the earl, "what in the name of wonder have you found?"

"I'll tell you," returned Dillon, slowly and emphatically; "These plans have just about half of them been poisoned!"

"Poisoned!" uttered the widow.

"Poisoned!" echoed Alice.

"Good heavens!" cried the earl. "Poisoned, did you say?"

"They have, most assuredly. There is poison enough in this single plan to destroy life."

The mother and child both started to their feet, and moved towards the table, but the mother was the most pale and excited. She trembled violently, and her lips were like chalk.

"This is a most strange affair," the earl said, "and one which should be looked into."

"It must be that Sir William's gardener prepared this fruit for the purpose of punishing thieves," suggested Alice. "Perhaps the fruit has been often stolen, and this was for a lesson to the marauders; and then perhaps the woman did steal these from the garden."

"No, no," returned Dillon, with a shake of the head. "No sane man would have dared to do that. If there are in the habit of troubling the fruit the gardener might possibly place some powerful medication in their way, but he would not use a deadly poison."

"He might not have known 'twas such."

"Such violent poison as this would not be likely to get confounded with simpler compounds or simples. No, there must be some design here."

"And it shall be looked after, too," added Trevor. "This old woman may be a villain."

The widow moved close to the earl's side and laid her hand upon his arm, and while she looked earnestly into his face she uttered, in a low, hoarse whisper:

"You do not think Sir William would have?"

"What would have what?" asked the earl, starting to his feet.

"No, no," the poor woman uttered, "he would not—I know he would not."

"Ah, I see now!" said Lord Trevor, in slow, marked tones. "You are—"

"Arise, Trevor, speak not a word. You have sought my roof, and I have opened my doors. When you go forth, let your lips be sealed. I am but what I seem—a poor, degraded—No! a poor honest woman. Now let it pass."

The widow had spoken very lowly, and with a strange emphasis. The earl sat back in his chair, and as his eyes wandered to where Alice sat, he saw that she was pale and trembling.

When she heard her mother pronounce that name she knew that she had been conversing with the proud father of her lover, and under the influence of the emotions that seized upon her she had sank down into a chair and covered her face with her hands. She looked up once, and found the earl gazing upon her, and then she bowed her head and covered her face again, for her heart was beating wildly now, and the blood was rushing up more than its wonted force to her brow.

The doctor gazed upon the strange scene in blank surprise, but he caught the eye of the earl, and he read there a sign for him to keep silent.

"Lady," said Trevor, looking steadily into the widow's face, "there is surely harm meditated here in this poisoned fruit, but I trust you will not so deeply wound a noble and generous man, as to entertain for an instant the idea which you came just whispering to me. I do not think that poison was meant for you."

"Then it was meant for my child," said Mrs. Woodley, bringing her mind back to the fruit.

"I think it was—that is, if it was meant fatally for either. But I will look after it. Miss Woodley, will you give me a description of the woman who left these plans?"

"Yes, sir, as near as I can," returned Alice, looking up, and speaking in a tremulous voice.

"She appeared to be quite old, if I might judge from her form and carriage. Her dress was of faded, dirty black silk, and on her head she wore a black hood. Her hair was of a light flaxen hue, and seemed to have a yellowish cast. I could tell but little of her features, for her face was very dirty, and she kept it turned away as much as possible."

"Was she a large woman?"

"No, sir, she was rather small, though of a medium size."

"And did she seem perfectly easy while here?"

"Well—I should say, not. She rather appeared uneasy and anxious, though I did not particularly notice it at the time."

"I may come across her; and if I do she will most assuredly hear from me. Come, doctor."

The earl rose as he spoke, and the doctor followed his example, and then they both turned towards the door. The widow started from her chair as though she would have detained the nobleman, but she did not speak. He noticed the movement, however, and he turned towards her.

"My good woman," he said, "I am not here to pry into your secrets, and I have discovered nothing that is worth the telling. You have nothing to fear."

As he thus spoke he turned from the apartment and passed out into the front garden. The doctor just waited to tell the widow that he would call again when he could make it convenient, and then he turned towards Alice, and the once admonished her to bury the poisoned daisies deep down in the earth where they could do no harm. After this he followed his companion out to the carriage, and soon they drove off.

The mother and child were once more alone. Alice went and sat down by her parent's side, and looked earnestly up into her face.

"Mother," she said, "will you not tell me what all this means?"

"What, child?"

"This strange conduct of yourself and Lord Trevor. And then, too, the same strange thing when Sir William Brentford was here?"

"Alice," spoke the widow, after a few moments' hesitation, "I know that you would not pain your mother."

"O, no, no. You know I would not."

"Then let this matter rest for the present where it is. Sometime, perhaps, I may tell you all; but not now. Go, now, and destroy that fatal fruit."

The maiden started at the mention of the fruit, and her face turned pale again.

"O," she uttered, "it cannot be possible that this bitter cup was meant for me—or for you. Who lives that could wish us harm?"

"I know not, my child," returned the mother, with a sad shake of the head. "It may be some mistake. I hope it is. But go now and bury them, and we will talk of that afterwards."

"Yet we have one friend," said Alice, as she took up the basin of fruit. "One friend who will not forsake us."

The mother looked inquiringly into her daughter's face.

"He has saved our lives to-day," continued the maiden, "and we need not fear to trust him. I mean the mighty Spirit of all things—the God of mercy and love."

Alice walked past where her mother sat, but the latter did not look up. She dared not let her child see the expression which she knew dwelt at that moment upon her face. She was wondering if God was always kind. Sometimes she had almost lost her hope even in him!

Doctor Dillon and the earl were riding on towards the hall, and for a long distance they had ridden in silence.

"My lord," said the doctor at length, "you seemed to recognize the widow."

"Yes," was Trevor's reply.

"You have known her before?"

"Have I?"

"It appeared so."

"And so it may be. But we will say no more on that subject."

The doctor took the hint, for it was a palpable one, and after a few moments of thought he resumed:

"Well—let that pass; but what can you think of those poisoned plans?"

"You are sure they were poisoned?"

"Sure!" iterated Dillon. "Why, the first plan I examined contained nearly two grains of pure strychnia, and less than a grain will destroy life. Once I tried its power upon a rabbit, and half a grain, blown into its throat through a pipe-stem, caused death in four minutes and a half. You can judge for yourself."

"Then it must have been meant murderously," said the earl.

"Of course it was, and now have you any idea of who did this?"

"Not yet, not yet, doctor."

"And can you imagine why it was done?"

"No, not yet. But I shall try to find out. I have not even well-founded suspicions yet."

"It is a severe thing," said the doctor, shaking his head impressively, "and it should be sifted to the bottom. The woman was surely at the hall this morning, and we may find out something concerning her from some of the servants."

"Doctor Dillon, I must ask of you a favor," uttered the earl, looking into his companion's face earnestly.

"Speak on."

"You shall not mention at the hall a word of what has happened this day. Let me have the handling of the subject, and if the truth is to be arrived at, I assure you I will find it out."

The physician smiled, and he promised, too, without asking any questions, for he knew that he should be made acquainted with the facts when they came to light.

The truth was, Lord Trevor had his suspicions, though they were very vague and undefined.

#### CHAPTER XV.

A STARTLING RECOGNITION. LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT.

THE old man who had been saved from the wreck was now quite comfortable, though very weak. According to his account he had had a severe fever in London, and as soon as he had been able to venture out he had secured a passage for Newcastle in the ship "Fintona." He stated that the ship was off the coast when the storm first came on, and that the captain stood off, hoping that it would not last long. He dared not attempt to run into the Stour, and hoped he could make a good sea-breeze and ride it out; but when he got up off Alborough the storm had increased so that he was obliged to house his top-gallant masts, and with what sail he had left he tried for awhile to work off to sea. But at length he was obliged to heave-to with a lee-shore close at hand, and from that moment all government over the ship was lost.

There was considerable intelligence in the man's eyes, and his language was well chosen, and spoken with clear pronunciation. He would not tell his business, his name, nor anything else by which any idea could be gained of his character or habits. It was towards evening, and the weak man had been bolstered up to a sitting posture; and thus he sat when Sir William Brentford entered the room. It was the first time the baronet had seen him since he had been brought to the hall. The invalid looked up as the host entered, and a perceptive tremor shook his frame, but he quickly composed himself, and turned his face from the light as much as possible.

"Well, my friend," said the baronet, taking a seat near the bed, "how do you feel to-day?"

"Much better," answered the invalid. "I am in hopes to soon be able to relieve you of my company."

"I beg you will not make yourself uneasy on that account. We saved your life from drowning, and we want to finish the work now we've begun it. You will find a home here as long as you need it, and good nursing, too."

"But I cannot repay you, sir."

"Will you have the kindness to wait until we ask you for pay. I would have you understand that Sir William Brentford doesn't take pay for doing deeds of kindness."

The old man upon the bed started at the name of the baronet, but Sir William thought 'twas only a twinge of pain, and he paid it no attention.

"You were bound for Newcastle, I think?" the baronet said, after he had waited some time for some remark, but without getting any.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you belong there?"

"No."

"Ah, you belong in London, I presume?"

"Well—as much there as anywhere."

"I don't know that I have heard your name yet."

"And I do not know that I have told it yet," was the laconic response.

"Have you any objections?"

"Not if you merely wish for a name by which to call me."

"Of course we should like to know how to address you."

"Well, then, you may call me Brown. That is a good name, and an easy one to pronounce. You may call me Brown."

Sir William was a little moved by this manner of answering, and for a few moments there were angry marks upon his face, but he soon overcame his feelings, and he thought that perhaps the man's mind was a little injured, or that he might have some good reason for keeping his

real name a secret. At all events the baronet knew that the cognomen he had given was a false one. After awhile he resumed:

"The doctor informs me that you will soon be well again if you have proper care."

"So he told me, and I am thankful for it, for I should like to be on my way as soon as possible."

At that moment the sun, which had been behind the top of a thick tree, threw its beams into the room, and they fell upon the invalid's face. The profile was relieved most strikingly, and as the baronet saw it he started forward and leaned over the bed. The sick man quickly turned his face away from the sun, but in doing so he presented it more fully to his host.

"By my soul, I have seen that face before," Sir William uttered, with much earnestness. "I have, most surely."

"One like it, perhaps," the man said, quite coolly.

"No, by heavens—I have seen that same face. God never made two faces like that."

"Don't be too sure, sir."

"Ah, I know you!"

The man started and covered up his face with the bed-clothes, but the baronet tore them off.

"Look ye, Sir Harold Radston, I know you!"

"Are you sure?"

"By the Holy Book, I am."

"Well, then it's no use for me to deny it."

"It is not, for I know you."

"Then let it go so."

The baronet sat back in his chair and clenched his hands together. His face had turned pale, and his teeth were set firmly together. He gazed upon that man before him, and his eyes burned almost like coals.

"Harold Radston," he said, in a low, grinding tone, "I would save the life of the dirtiest dog in the world if it laid in my power, but had I known you, you should never have passed my threshold, even though you had died at my door like a worm."

"Your wish is very kind, Sir William," returned Radston, while a faint smile worked about his bearded lips; "and you can even now have me carried out and laid upon the earth. You might not wait long to see me die."

"No, no, I wish you no ill. I would not lift a finger to harm you. When you have fully recovered I will even furnish you with money to set you on your way; but had I known you, you should not have slept beneath my roof."

"Ah, Sir William, as we grow old we should grow forgiving."

"Forgiving? Did you say forgiving, Harold Radston?"

"I said so."

"And you talk of forgiveness! O, I should like to see the angel that could forgive such a man as you!"

"You are that angel, Sir William," spoke the sick man, calmly and coolly.

"Me!" uttered the baronet, starting up again and clenching his fists. "O, I call on God to witness: When I forgive you—may my—"

"Stop, stop, Sir William Brentford. Beware how you speak!"

There was something in the tones of that voice, and in the manner in which those words were spoken, that caused the baronet to hesitate, and his sentence was not finished.

"Well," he said, after some apparent consideration, "let it pass. We are both old now, and death will soon come to settle up our earthly accounts. You know best how you can meet the black spirit."

"Well enough, Sir William. I can meet him as well as I have met other spirits that come occasionally to visit me. Don't you sometimes have spirits come to visit you, that make you melancholy like—that make you almost feel as though death would be a—"

"Harold Radston, stop! I would hear no more. Neither you nor I have the power to wipe out the deep condemnation of the past, and we should not drag it up to light now. If you would even remain here until you are a well man speak no more like that. I hope you understand it."

"Perfectly."

"Then beware! I shall leave you now, and I hope I shall see you no more. Yet the doctor shall visit you, and you shall have kind nursing. I hope you will not speak your name to any other soul within this dwelling."

"I have not spoken it yet."

"Well—and you must not. I hope you may recover, and I hope, too, you may live long enough to die a happy man."

"That sounds wonderfully like forgiveness, Sir William, did you know it?"

"Let it be what it may, I mean it. I don't wish to have my heart loaded down with ill feelings now, for they make me miserable; and God knows I have enough to make me unhappy without cherishing anger. O, Sir Harold, you have been a sore thing in my soul!"

The baronet bowed his head as he spoke, and a big drop rolled down his furrowed cheek and fell upon the floor. The sick man saw it, and the expression of his face was changed, but he did not speak.

"Farwell," spoke Sir William, starting up from his chair, and turning towards the door. "You will see me again?" said Ralston.

"Not if I can help it."

"But you shall not try to help it."

"Never mind that now. I can read my own will better than another can read it for me. So I bid you farwell, and hope, if we do meet again, that we shall both be happy."

Sir William turned towards the door as he spoke, and passed out from the room. He sought his study, and when once there he sank down into a chair and buried his face in his hands. He was deeply moved, and for a long while he sat there and murmured over incoherent sentences to himself. He had been thus some half-hour or more, when he was aroused by the opening of his door, and on looking up he beheld the earl.

"How now, Sir William! at your sulks again?"

"No—only thinking, Tiverton, that's all."

"Then your thoughts must be very weighty."

"So they are—to me. Do you not sometimes have weighty thoughts?"

"O, very often. I have had some very lately."

Gradually the old baronet became social, and the smiles began to lighten up his features, and for awhile the earl rattled away on all sorts of subjects. At length, however, he drew his chair nearer to his friend, and soberly asked:

"Have you any poison in the house, Sir William?"

"Poison? Why, what on earth are you going to do with poison?"

"I'll tell you after I get it; but you may rest assured I don't mean to make any human application."

"Well, I believe I have some."

"What kind?"

"Strychnia, I think. I got it to poison foxes and shunks, and other vermin that trouble my poultry."

The earl started slightly, but he did not exhibit any unusual emotion.

"Did you use it yourself?" he asked, carefully.

"No."

"You let your gardener use it, I suppose?"

"No—I was afraid to trust such dangerous stuff in the hands of a bungler, and I didn't let any of my thick-skulled fellows use it."

"Ah—that's right. One cannot be too careful of such stuff."

"That's a fact, Tiverton."

"I suppose that you wouldn't trust such an article out of your own hands, except to Tom," said the earl.

"Fifish, Tiverton, I wouldn't trust him to keep it. I'd let him use it, but if he should attempt to keep it, he'd be just as likely to leave it out on his washstand as anywhere."

"Then I should like to know whom you do trust?"

"Why, if I remember rightly, I got Belinda to take that. But what's the matter?"

"Only a twinge in my side, Sir William. I am subject to them."

"Then get your son to doctor you. He cured me of the twinge in my feet."

"Perhaps I shall."

"That's right. And now if you want any of that strychnia I'll send to Belinda and get some."

"No, no, never mind. When I want to use it I'll either let you know, or else go to her myself."

"Do just as you please."

"I will. But, by the way, Sir William," uttered the earl, as though a new idea had suddenly come to his mind, "did you see anything of an old woman about here this morning?"

"What kind of an old woman?"

"An old woman with a faded black silk dress, and a black hood, and flaxen hair, and some-what bent."

"No, I did not."

"You don't know of any such woman about here?"

"No, not now. We used to have an old woman here something like that. Ha, ha,—she was a jolly old thing. She was my nurse—she served my father many years, and was old when I was born. She had flaxen hair—only she stole it—waxed her own. She was bald as a fish, and wore a wig. She used to tote about with an old black silk gown and hood, and her wig was flaxen enough, for I candidly believe 'twas made of flax. But she's dead—and been dead these ten years, so it couldn't have been her, even if there was such a one seen."

"I think there was such a one seen," said the earl, "and she was about here this morning. She had some plums which she said were given her here."

"Zounds!" cried the baronet, in high dudgeon, "I'd like to know if that rascally gardener has been giving away my fruit. I'll call him and find out."

"I would. Call him at once," urged the earl, who was somewhat anxious on the subject.

"I will." And as Sir William spoke he started up and pulled the bell-cord with great violence.

Soon a servant appeared, and the baronet ordered that the gardener should be sent up at once. Ere long the man made his appearance. He was a stout, rough, honest-looking fellow, and one whom a thief would be likely to avoid if possible.

"Haugh," said the baronet, speaking sternly—a thing he seldom did to the faithful man; "do you know there had been fruit stolen from the garden?"

"Yes, sir—I did know it," returned the gardener, in broad accents.

"And you know who did it?"

"No, sir, I don't. Last night I shut the garden up, and this morning I found the plums trees robbed. An' it's a fact, sir, there 'snt no tracks at the gate nor at the wall."

"That's strange," said the baronet, consid-

erally vexed. "But tell me, Hugh, did you see an old woman about here this morning?"

"I did, sir," replied the man, speaking quickly, and elevating his eyebrows. "She be an old 'oman in black, an' she was so comin' high to your old nurse, Sir William, an' I could 'ave took my bounden oath afore the 'quire 'at she was the nurse. But you see I had the young colt by the nip, an' I couldn't git away to hail her. She be gone now, tho', for I couldn't find her nowhere."

"And where did you see this woman, Hugh?"

"In the park, an' she was makin' way for the road."

Sir William was puzzled, and he looked inquisitively at the earl.

"I'll tell you what," said the latter, "just let this matter drop now, and I will get it at some home. And you," the earl continued, turning to the gardener, "must keep perfectly silent about this affair, for we want to find out who is the thief. You went mention it."

"No, sir,—indeed I won't."

The gardener was then dismissed, and after he was gone, Sir William said, with a light smile:

"Seems to me you are very eager all at once to save my money?"

"I am, Sir William, and when I have found the thief I will tell you why."

The earl had found some light on the subject of his search.

"But you are going to use poison?"

"No, sir. But wait until I find the thief, and then you shall know."

The baronet said no more, for he had confidence enough in the earl to feel sure that nothing would be done out of the way, and also, that whatever was done, would be done for the best.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE FATHER AND SON. AN EYESDROPPER.

ALBION TIVERTON had been sent for to attend his father, and without hesitation he answered the summons. He found his parent in the drawing-room which had been appropriated to his private use, and after he had entered and closed the door behind him, he remained standing for some moments awaiting his father's commands. The earl was sitting at his table engaged in writing, and he did not look up until he had finished his sentence. Then he said, in a calm, business-like tone:

"Take a seat, Albion."

The youth seated himself, and his father continued writing. Over his head he saw that the earl was very sober and earnest, and that the subject that rested upon his mind was of more than ordinary import. At first he trembled with apprehension lest he were to receive some severe reprimand, but as he studied the countenance of his parent that fear vanished, for he saw that every emotion depicted upon it was of a kindly character. At length the earl laid his pen aside and leaned back in his chair.

"My son," he said, while a proud light beamed in his clear, bright eyes, "I have good news for you."

Albion leaned forward, but did not speak.

"I think that the history of our navy records but few instances of one so young as yourself receiving such honor. I have received from the admiralty your commission."

"My commission?" uttered the youth, starting up.

"My commission?"

"Yes, my son. You are a lieutenant in the royal navy."

Albion Tiverton gazed a moment into his father's face, and then he sank back into his chair, and it was sometime ere he could speak. He had not anticipated this. It was even beyond his most sanguine hopes. The most he had dared to hope for was, that he might receive an appointment in some small vessel as acting master. But to receive the full commission as a graded lieutenant was to him almost an anomaly. Not that he felt incompetent to perform the duties of the office, but he had never allowed himself to think of such a thing.

"I have received a letter from the Lord High Admiral, and he states that you have—But I will read that portion of the letter."

The earl took up a heavily sealed envelope from his table and drew therefrom a letter, and having unfolded it he ran his eyes down the page until he found the paragraph to which he alluded.

"Now listen, my son, and you shall hear it."

"And furthermore," writes his lordship, "let me say that your son's conduct characterizes the distinguished honor we have unanimously conferred upon him. At his examination, when he was passed, he evinced more practical knowledge and intuitive sense than many an older officer. In giving him his commission we are actuated alone by the desire to serve our nation, and we believe that he will be an honor to the important station. To be sure, he had been somewhat wild and unmanageable, but he was young and buoyant. His superiors inform us that the first signs of inordination yet remains to be shown by him, and that he has ever been faithful to his commands, and immediate upon duty. We believe that the importance of the station he is now called upon to sustain will impress itself upon his mind, and that henceforth he will assume the dignity which characterizes an officer of his rank. We will feel this, we are sure. In concluding, allow us to congratulate your lordship upon the pride which must result to you from the possession of so noble and brave a son. Lieutenant Tiverton will be called into service on the 29th day of September next, and at that time he will report himself here. So he has yet over two months for recreation, and we trust, profitable study."

As the earl ceased reading, he folded the letter up and placed it back in the envelope, and then turning to his son he said, while a rich moisture gathered in his eyes:

"My boy, this has given me more real pleasure than any other event that has happened since the moment when I first beheld your infant face, and knew that God had given me a son. Now what are your feelings on the subject?"

"I cannot explain them, sir," replied the youth, struggling to keep back the happy tears that

came to his eyes. "I can only say that they shall find me as generous of duty as they have been of kindness and honor. I will never cast a stain upon the epaulet I am now entitled to wear."

"I believe you, my noble boy," cried the earl, arising from his chair, and grasping his son by the hand. "I believe you, and I believe, too, that you will honor your station. You must not forget that you are now a man."

"I shall not, sir," answered Albion, as he once more seated himself; and then, while a change came over his countenance, he added:

"Perhaps you have not known fully the real feelings that have grown up in my soul. You have not known what hopes and aspirations have found a home in my heart. You know not how often I have looked forward to the manhood that is coming upon me, and studied how I could best make it honorable and respected. To be sure I have been wild, but never recklessly so—I have been at times thoughtless, but not when duty demanded thought. The future shall show you whether your son shall honor the proud name he inherits, or whether he be unworthy of it."

The earl's lips trembled as he spoke, for his emotions of gratitude and pride were deep and soul-stirring.

"I fear not for that," he said, "I fear not for that. I only fear that I may be too proud—to be happy."

"Cheerish what pride you will in me, my father, and I will endeavor never to crush it," uttered Albion; and as he spoke he laid his brow upon his hand, and the tears trickled down his cheeks.

For some time there was silence in the apartment, and gradually the thoughts of both father and son seemed to wander off upon another subject. Albion was the first to break the spell, and when he spoke it was in a hushed, eager voice:

"Father, you spoke to me of Belinda Warner."

The earl started as he heard that name, and his eye burned strangely. For the moment Albion feared that there was evil to him in that look.

"Yes, yes, I did," the parent replied, as he laid his hands together and clasped them tightly. "You remember you said you had selected her for my wife?"

"Yes," returned the earl, vacantly, as though he were trying to think what he had said on some former occasion.

Twice did our hero attempt to speak before the words would come forth, but he calmed himself, for he saw that his father still looked kind.

"Then let me ask what your mind is now?" he said at length.

"You need not mention the girl's name to me again. I was blind when I conceived the idea. Belinda Warner is not the woman for your wife, nor yet for any man. She is—"

"What, father?"

"Not my mind. Let her name pass for the present."

Albion felt much relieved for the moment, but soon there came a cloud over his soul, and he trembled. But he was resolved to speak now, and he turned towards his father with the fixed purpose of knowing the fate that was in store for him, for he had made up his mind since he had entered that room that he would take no important step in life without his father's full and free consent.

"Father," he said, in a tremulous tone, "you remember that on the night when you spoke to me of Belinda Warner, there was also another name mentioned?"

"I remember," returned the earl, speaking coolly and thoughtfully.

"It was of a poor fisher-girl," resumed the youth, nervously.

"Yes, of Alice Woodley."

"Yes. And I wanted you to see her."

"I have seen her."

"But I wanted you to converse with her."

"I have conversed with her. I have seen her alone, when she knew not who I was."

"You have?" uttered Albion in astonishment.

"Yes. I called there yesterday with Doctor Dillon."

Albion gazed hard into his father's face but he could read nothing there, and after another effort to calm himself he said:

"If you have seen her, then you may have learned something of her character?"

"I did."

"And is she not all that you could ask for in a wife?"

"I am not sure of that, my son."

"Not sure," iterated the youth, convulsively. "Is she not beautiful?"

"Yes—very beautiful."

"And intelligent?"

"I have seen but very few females of her age with so much true intelligence."

"And is she not pure-minded and virtuous?"

"She must be."

"And of a superior disposition?"

"I am sure of it, my son."

"And do you not think her capable of loving a husband with her whole soul?"

"Yes."

"And of being most true and faithful?"

"Yes, yes, Albion—I cannot deny it. Alice Woodley is a remarkable girl. I do not know that I ever met with one more perfectly beautiful, or less endowed with objectionable qualities."

"Then may I not make her my wife? I have resolved that I will not take an important step in life without your full and free consent, though if Alice Woodley be torn from me I shall never marry."

"O, Albion," the earl said, while he shook his head reprovingly, "you must not express yourself too decidedly. You are yet young."

"I know I am young, but yet I can judge deeply of those feelings that have entered into my soul. The very circumstances under which my acquaintance with Alice Woodley commenced are peculiar, and with them her presence will ever be associated. I love her with my whole soul, and that love is founded, not upon sudden passion created by her matchless beauty,

but first upon deep gratitude, and next upon a knowledge of her worthiness and virtue. That love has become a part of myself, and I might as well think to tear out my manhood from my soul as to tear her image from my heart. Ah, father, what is a dangerous experiment. But of one thing I am as sure as you are sure that the sun shines: No other person can ever find that place in my heart which she has taken up. Were I to give my hand to another while she lived I should give it without love, and were I to pledge a husband's love before the holy altar I should but perjure myself before God. I speak now only the deep convictions of my soul."

The earl gazed at some moments upon his son without speaking. His countenance underwent a variety of changes, and it could be plainly seen that he was deeply embarrassed. At length he said:

"I cannot give my consent to your union with that girl, Albion."

The youth's countenance fell in an instant.

"You have not thought," he gasped, "you have not considered. You would not have me believe this?"

"I cannot give my consent."

"Tell me truly—do you mean so? Are you fixed in that opinion?"

"I am, my son."

"Then," said Albion, in a tone which showed how poignant was the sting he felt, "my fate is fixed. I will not leave my soul made promiscuous in the house of Tiverton and Winchester must end, for I shall never—"

"Stop, my boy, you know not what you say."

"Ah, father, I know not what I say," the youth said, shaking his head sadly. "You have spoken that which shuts my heart up forever."

"You forget your age, Albion. A few years of excitement in your noble profession will wipe this all out, and then you will thank me for what I have done."

"Say no more, sir," uttered the young man, rising to his feet. "You do not know me as I know myself. You have crushed the last hope of joy in my soul, and henceforth I am but as an old man who has left earth and its pleasures behind him. If you could see my heart you would understand what I mean. But I shall not blame you, as I once thought I should, for I hope you mean me well. I shall see you again when this blow is worn away with prayer, and I hope I may live to be yet what once I pictured to myself. Farwell, father."

"Stop, Albion."

The young man stopped and looked into his father's face. The earl had forced to see his son weep, and he had seen him burst forth into a paroxysm of grief and anger. He had not looked for such keen, deep anguish as he now knew possessed his son's soul, and he was moved. He saw the tearful anguish that tortured the boy's handsome features, and he knew that the heart was strained to its utmost.

"Albion," he continued, after gazing a few moments into his son's face, "I did not say that I would never give my consent."

"How?" uttered the youth, starting forward.

"I did not say that I would never give my consent to your union with Alice Woodley. But I cannot give it now. Do not ask me why at present. Perhaps—mind—I say, perhaps—him, for he had made up his mind since he had entered that room that he would take no important step in life without his father's full and free consent."

"Father," he said, in a tremulous tone, "you remember that on the night when you spoke to me of Belinda Warner, there was also another name mentioned?"

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"Stop, Albion."





[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE RUINS.

BY F. C. S. HUBBARD.

Where'er I turn, mine eye beholds  
Ruins, majestic ruins, I climb the hill,  
My favorite of hills, early and low,  
By contemplation led, and pleasant  
Memories, with heart weighed down  
By grief which might not be repeated,  
And when I gaze in solitude, like a  
Wayward pilgrim at me down  
Among the crumbling leaves.

The herbs are dead and blackening by  
The burn; the flowers are in their graves,  
And weeds are dead to song;  
The trees stand out against the pale,  
Blue air in banners dabbled o'er with  
Red, as if in mockery of war,  
And sure these mockers,  
While through you dim wood-stalks, by birds  
Forgot, and flowers, and summer nymphs,  
Oft heralds forth the evening way,  
And in a wild soliloquy is lost.

Up yonder hill his lonely manse  
Is seen, half visible in the distance,  
Remote from every human foot,  
While he, strange being, lone and  
Poorly clad, sits there in silence,  
Which a storm cannot bestow.  
His friends, the gentle, sweet,  
And warm and darkness, and the  
Quick, red autumnal lightnings!  
His enemies, Kay-kid; and the  
Gay midnight out of melancholy note;  
And all day his eye seeks his door  
Feeling the little more birds.

O world of fairs! cheerless and pathless  
Now are all thy tempting woods,  
And in their murmuring garments clad,  
For the great funeral of Nature!  
And silence, how profound! save that  
From yonder, in the distance, dim,  
A Kay-kid, in his lone hermitage  
Of song, begins his mournful plaint,  
And chants the dole of night.

Just o'er your sea, where oft the wind  
In dalliance comes, with whistling tones,  
To play among the reeds, with solemn flight  
Of angel's wing, a lark is waiting to the  
Dawning blast, while you lone butterflies  
On plumes gay of gold and purple,  
Gleefully replendent with unnumbered jewels,  
Glistening bright in the pale sunlight,  
Pond around my left seat, then  
Love themselves into the blue.

Four spirit children! companion fair  
Of summer, and the spring, and all that's  
Beautiful, the fields disclose no charm  
For you, but ye can read of  
Flourishing host.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE SARACEN DWARF.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

The rich Jew, Isachar, attended by a servant, was riding slowly homeward, having been ten days absent on a journey to a brother merchant in the neighboring city of York, with whom he had many dealings. From the perturbed looks which he from time to time cast on either side, it was evident that his mind was not free from apprehensions regarding his personal safety.

It must be confessed that his apprehensions were far from being groundless. England was not then the law-abiding country she has since become. Might took precedence of right, and the greatest atrocities were daily committed with impunity. Especially did this lawlessness affect the unfortunate countrymen of Isachar, who having to a great extent the monopoly of trade, amassed fortunes large enough to excite in a dangerous degree the cupidity of the bold barons who not unfrequently found their efforts in need of replenishment.

"Come hither, Benjamin," said Isachar to his attendant, who was riding a little behind, "draw nearer me, and, hark ye, have your sword in readiness, for night draweth on, and I greatly fear me lest some of the unbelieving Saracens may take advantage of the darkness to attack me, in hope of wringing from me a portion of my hard-earned gains."

"Truly," said his attendant, who, like himself, was of Jewish extraction, "the times are perilous, and the hand of the spoiler is heavy upon us. Heard you how Reuben, of York, was treated but a few weeks since?"

"No. How was it?"

"He was waylaid alone on a journey, and conveyed to the castle of Sir Hugh de Lancy, where he was tortured into the surrender of one half his ample possessions."

"Father Abraham defend us! it is indeed so! He is an old friend of mine, this Reuben. Together we learned the art of trafficking from Ben David, the great merchant. I grieve greatly that he should have fallen into the hands of these Philistines!"

"Philistines, Sir Jew?" said a deep voice near at hand. "Is that the way you speak of your superiors? It is time you were taught better manners."

Isachar turned round with a sinking heart, and beheld to his dismay the stern face of a man-at-arms, whom he easily recognized as one of the followers of the Norman baron, Sir Reginald de Courcy, over whose domains he was now travelling.

"Nay," said he, apologetically, "take no offence, my master, I meant no disrespect."

"Mean to disrespect? So it is no disrespect to call a noble baron a Philistine. Behold me, Jew, if I do not think you are growing too proud. Princes, let me be thy leech. I would count a little leeching of whose blood, which with thee and thy race is but another name for gold. How likest thou the prescription?"

"Nay," said his chance companion, coolly laying his hand on the animal which Isachar bestrode, "no so fast, my good friend. Perchance thou mayst find other matters which demand thy attention still more weighty."

"Delay me not, good Sir," said the Jew, in a tone of entreaty, "there can be no dealings between me and thee, since, so far as my knowledge goes, this is the first time we have ever met."

"Very likely; but it may not be the last. I am sorry to put you to inconvenience, master Jew, but it is absolutely necessary that you should accompany me to the castle of my master, Sir Reginald de Courcy, who, I very well know, is just at this time most anxious to see one of thy race."

"I know him not," said Isachar, turning pale, for he well knew the reputation of the baron, and that, once in his clutches, he would not escape without paying a heavy ransom. "I know him not," said he, hastily, "and therefore he cannot wish to see me. Let go thy hold and arrest my progress no longer. Already an fifteen minutes detained through thy means."

"It is needless talking. You must go with me," was the firm reply.

"Nay, then, I must force myself away," said Isachar, striking the spurs deep into his horse's sides, and endeavoring to urge him forward, at the same time calling out to his attendant:

"Draw your sword, Benjamin, and spar for me!"

He was but one, and we must make resistance."

The stranger applied a hunting-horn to his lips, and blew a blast. Instantly from the covert half, sprang a half dozen of his companions, who were lying in ambush.

"How now?" was his triumphant reply, as he beheld the dismay pictured in the faces of Isachar and his attendant, "you will escape now, will you?"

Isachar looked for a moment at the stern faces which surrounded him, as if to discover whether an appeal would win him any good. Apparently, however, the result was unfavorable, since, without a word of remonstrance, he submitted to be bound to his horse, after which he was led, between two men-at-arms, in the direction of Sir Reginald's castle.

His captors amused themselves with bantering him upon his crest-fallen appearance.

"Nay, man, never look so sober. You may be sure our master will be rejoiced to see you, and will give you a rousing welcome. He will be very sorry to part with thee, Jew. I fear me he will not consent to let thee go at all, unless thou consent to leave behind something by which he may remember thee,—a thousand pieces of gold or so."

So saying, they laughed at their own rude wit. As for Isachar, his mind was too much occupied with gloomy apprehensions of what was in store for him, to note the raillery of those about him. At length the frowning walls of the castle made their appearance. At a signal the drawbridge was lowered, and the whole party entered the courtyard.

Sir Reginald de Courcy sat in his banquet hall, at the head of his retainers. Besides his own household, there were present two reverend abbots, each of which presided over a neighboring monastery. The hall rang with cries of "wassail," in obedience to which the company would lift up their innkeeper's mug in that case, and quaff them with an appearance of enjoyment which evinced that their thirst was not easily slaked.

Of all the knights who marched forth under the standard of the cross to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, perhaps no one was more famed for prowess, or struck more terror into the hearts of the foe, than Sir Reginald de Courcy. Wielded by his powerful arm, the battle-axe became a weapon before which whole squadrons of the enemy fell as the grain falls before the sickle.

But in the courtesy of a true knight, Sir Reginald was wanting. Brute strength and untamable passions, with the love of oppression to which they naturally led, were his chief characteristics. Not one of his followers but blenched with fear when the frowning eyes of his chief was upon him.

Such was Sir Reginald de Courcy, who now, but recently returned from the Holy Land, was holding a feast of rejoicing for his safe arrival.

At length the feast, which had been long protracted, terminated. All had eaten to repletion. At a signal from the knight, the tables were removed, and the fragments of the feast. Then it was that Sir Reginald, having first smote the table before him with his iron-gloved hand, in token of command general attention, turned to the abbots, and said:

"Reverend fathers, I have somewhat to show you, which may give you cause for wonder. While in the Holy Land, I beheld in the ranks opposed to me, a Saracen dwarf not over three feet high, who, in spite of his small size, was contending most manfully. The fame seized me to take him alive and bring him home, as a source of amusement. I am sure you will confess, after seeing him, that you have never beheld the like."

At a signal from Sir Reginald, two of his attendants led the hall, and quickly returned with the prisoner, who had been manfully held by him. He was scarcely three feet high, having, as is usual in such cases, a head whose size was very disproportionate to the rest of his body. His shoulders were broad, his chest deep, and his arms of such length that, when standing erect, he could without difficulty touch the floor with the ends of his long fingers. His hair, parted in the middle, hung down in long cleft locks by the sides of his head, and his eyes, which were clearly indicated his Oriental origin.

Altogether, Hafim, for such was his name, was a most singular looking being, and well calculated, in that superstitious age, to give rise to the opinion that he was acquainted with the secrets of the infernal powers, if not actually in league with them.

Every eye was turned upon Hafim as he entered the hall, and the abbots, who were not prepared to behold anything quite so uncouth, simultane-

ously crossed themselves, and exclaimed, below their breath, "The saints preserve us!"

"Saw you ever the like, holy fathers?" asked the knight, turning to his guests.

"Never," said the Abbot Wilfred. "I could not have believed that nature could bring forth such a wonder of deformity."

The dwarf, who had been standing passively, suddenly cast a malignant glance from underneath his overhanging brows, which caused the latter to start back.

"Does he understand our language?" inquired he hastily of the baron, who had not noticed this circumstance.

"Yes, he has some knowledge of it, I believe," replied Sir Reginald. "I will command him to dance, and you shall see."

"Sir dwarf," said he, turning to Hafim, "these reverend fathers are very anxious to see you dance. Will you favor us with a specimen of your skill?"

The dwarf was passive for a moment, and, on the request being repeated, inclined his head in the negative.

"How now, sirrah!" exclaimed the knight, his passions quickly taking fire, "would you refuse? Then, by all the saints, we shall see whether I am to be disobeyed with impunity. Rodolph, heat that iron hot!"

He pointed to a long iron instrument, with a wooden handle, lying near at hand.

It was heated accordingly.

"Now," he continued, "apply it to the legs of that heathen dog, till he sees fit to dance, as I command him."

The expedient proved completely successful. With yells of pain and rage the dwarf leaped about with most surprising agility, gnashing his teeth the while with impotent anger. It was a sight well suited to afford amusement to a mind like that of Sir Reginald. With shouts of laughter he marked the uncouth performances of Hafim, till he was obliged, in self-defence, to order his tormentor to desist. Hafim darted a look of the most malignant and vindictive hatred towards the knight, which, in his hilarious mood, only made him laugh the more.

"You should beware of that fellow," said father Wilfred, "he has a venomous eye."

"Tush, what is he, and what can he do?" said the latter, turning a contemptuous look upon the ungainly proportions of the dwarf.

At that moment a messenger came in to announce to the knight the capture of the rich Jew, Isachar.

"Say you so?" exclaimed the knight, gladdly; "that is good service. You shall have a gold mark for the intelligence. It is odd, but I get it out of the dog of a Jew before we part. Have him put in the outer dungeon,—do you hear,—and securely fastened. By-and-by I will give him audience."

"I am about to do the church good service," he resumed, addressing the abbots, "or, in other words, to relieve a rich Jew of a portion of his worldly possessions, which he has extorted by his sword from the followers of the church."

"You will do very right, my son," returned the Abbot Wilfred. "The unbelieving dog monopolize all our wealth, defrauding those who are rightfully entitled to it. But I trust you will not forget the church, but lay a tithe of the spoils upon the altar."

"That depends on what I get," was the careless reply.

Not long afterwards the abbots withdrew to the chambers provided for their entertainment, and the knight, commanding the attendance of the dwarf to hold the lamp, descended to the less commodious apartment which had been provided for Isachar. The Jew was crouching in a corner of the dungeon, to which he was confined by heavy manacles.

"How like your accommodations, Sir Jew?" asked the knight.

"Not over much," returned Isachar.

"You would like to be released?"

"Yes, so please your nobleness. May the blessings of Abraham light upon your head, if you will but dismiss me!"

"Why, as to that, I can't say that I care particularly about the fragments of the feast. You would ruin me for yourself. However, I will release you upon certain conditions."

"What are they?" said the Jew, apprehensively.

"The payment of a thousand crowns, and a complete suit of armor for myself, and also a horse of the best breed, fully caparisoned."

"Holy Abraham!" exclaimed Isachar, lifting his hands in dismay. "You would ruin me completely. The whole of my fortune, with all that I could borrow, would not be sufficient to defray so great an expense. Nevertheless, I would provide you with the horse and armor, if you would omit the thousand gold pieces."

"Tush, Jew," said the knight, sternly, "this is mere trifling. You would have me believe you are poor, when everybody knows you as Isachar, the rich Jew. It is a trick of your race. Come, will you sign a bond for the payment of the sum and articles I named?"

"So help me, I cannot," returned the Jew. "If it were in the compass of my fortune."

"Jew," said Sir Reginald, sternly, going to a corner of the dungeon, and throwing aside a scarlet cloth, which revealed that most fearful of all tortures, the rack, "look, and consider whether you had best submit to the loss of a portion of your extortionate gains, or die a fearful and lingering death."

"I can give no other answer," said the Jew, obdurately. "What I have not, I cannot give, though I were to be torn limb from limb."

The knight turned to another portion of the apartment, and lifting aside a huge trap-door, revealed the mouth of a deep pit, saying, in a stern voice:

"In that pit, Jew, one of your countrymen, years ago, was plunged, because, like you, he was obdurate. Would you join him? I swear to you that, if you comply not with my commands, such shall be your fate."

"Nay, rather yours, proud knight!" was hissed forth by the dwarf, as he pushed forward the knight, who was standing on the brink, with such fearful force that, entirely unable to recover

himself, he fell down with a cry of mingled rage and apprehension, endeavoring vainly to arrest his descent by clutching at the sides of the aperture.

"Revenge! revenge!" shrieked the dwarf, laughing with most unseemly laugh, as he looked down into the fearful abyss of his unexpected conjuncture.

Taking advantage of this unexpected conjuncture, Isachar bribed the dwarf for a small sum to let him out of the dungeon, whence he speedily made his way to his own home. As for the dwarf, nothing was seen of him from that day. The retainers of Sir Reginald, unable to account for the disappearance of their lord in any other way, publicly reported that he had been spirited away by Satan, whom they believed to be one and the same with THE SARACEN DWARF.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## LAME, BLIND AND HALT.

BY THE OLD "EX."

"Was there ever such a jealous fellow—always contriving some new test to subject my affections to?" said Julia Harvey to her sister, Mrs. Fanny Markham, as she handed her a letter.

It was from Julia's lover, Captain Paul Wilton, an officer of the United States infantry, who wrote to prepare her to receive him. He told her that she would find him much changed, for he had been wounded in the leg and lost his left arm in Mexico; that he felt it his duty to say that he should not hold her to her engagements, though he loved her as devotedly as ever. Now it so happened that Julia had a correspondent in the army, from whom she discovered that the captain had received no injuries, and that this story was concocted purely as an additional test of the devotedness of the fair one.

"We'll pay him off for this trick, Julia," said Mrs. Markham. "Come with me, and I'll instruct you how to give him change in his own coin."

Shortly after the ladies had retired, Captain Wilton, planning himself on his stratagem, was shown into the drawing-room. He had buttoned his arm up in his coat and the left sleeve hung empty, while he counterfeited a lame gait, and had put a huge piece of plaster on his left cheek to cover an imaginary abscess.

In a few minutes Mrs. Markham appeared. "Returned at last!" cried she, warmly shaking his hand. "My dear, dear Paul."

"There's not much left of me—little better than half," said the soldier. "I left my arm at Chapultepec."

"Poor dear Paul!" said the lady. "And how is your leg?"

"Very poorly. I am troubled with daily exfoliation of bone."

"Poor Julia!" sighed Mrs. Markham. "She will be very much affected at the change in me, will she not?" asked the captain.

"O, dear, no! I was thinking of the change in her."

"Change in her?"

"Why! Haven't you heard?"

"Not a word."

"Ah! I see—she was afraid to write you. She has lost all her beauty."

"Lost all her beauty?"

"Yes—you know she was never vaccinated. Never vaccinated!"

"No—and she has had the small pox, very, very badly. Poor Julia! She has lost the sight of her right eye. Her face is very much discolored. Her nose is terribly red."

"A red nose?"

"Yes. It doesn't much matter about her eyes—she wears blue spectacles."

"Blue spectacles and a red nose!" exclaimed the captain.

"But you don't mind that. Beauty is nothing," said Mrs. Markham, who was ravishingly beautiful herself. "You loved Julia for her heart—you always told her so. And as you are so maimed and disfigured yourself, why, you can sympathize with and console each other. You'll be a very well assorted couple—three arms and three eyes between you."

"And a red nose and blue spectacles!" groaned the captain.

"Hush! Here comes Julia," said Mrs. Markham. "Don't appear shocked. Julia, my dear, here's the captain."

The door opened and Julia entered. She had painted her face most artistically; a pair of blue spectacles concealed her fine black eyes, but the marvellous feature of her face was the nose—it glowed with all the brilliancy of a carbuncle.

"O! dear Paul!" said she, "poor dear Paul—how much you must have suffered!"

"I have one arm left for you to lean on," said the captain, gallantly.

"But you are lame. We can never dance the Schottische more!"

"I don't know but I can manage it, all but the side steps and hops," said the captain, ruefully. "But don't you find me hideous?" asked the fair one.

"Excuse me for a moment," said the lady, "I must retire for a few minutes."

In an instant, she returned, radiant, in all the glory of her charms.

"Paul!" said she "how do you like me now?"

"You're an angel!" said the captain, holding her as they stood upon the shore and watched the fading of the sunset. The sea was most appalling, have they trembled in the shiver back that seemed every moment about to shiver into fragments the frail vessel. The rush of the waves and the roar of the surf were so terrible, so awful, horrors of the season. "The sea and the waves were roaring," and men's hearts might well be failing them for terror. The rush of the water and the bell-bellowing of the winds can be likened to no earthly thing; their majestic almost of the sea, a scene of continued violence, now low in the deep, deep, drowning valley, with the overtopping waves arching and sagging over, rods of ice, and a shivered mast, and the angry ocean. In that vessel the gallant sailors were doing all that desperate men could. Despair made their exertions almost superhuman, while the sight of the sea with its intense anxiety marked upon his face as if he felt himself responsible for the life of every soul on board. It was a scene of momentous excitement. Eternity hung on that moment of time. And if anything could have added to the all-absorbing interest of that moment, it might have been found in the presence of two individuals who were there on board, as passengers, in that seemingly perishing vessel. These two were a father and daughter. The noble presence of the one and the trembling beauty of the other made them conspicuous, even in that hour of nature's strife and strife. The father was a man of a stern and a subtle mind. His face was fixed on that Rock which winds and waves may lash in vain. The daughter hung in wild despair upon his arm and her frantic tears broke shrilly across the wild roar of the storm. Long and tenderly had the father striven to comfort her; to lift her soul above the terror of her body. In vain. Her fear, her grief, her horror, her despair, rose high above all the arguments of reason and all the persuasions of love.

Suddenly that tender parent shook off the weeping and agonized grief from his arm. With an expression of fearful anger on his countenance, he drew his daughter to his side, and pointed against her breast, exclaimed, in a terrific voice, "Involuntarily, prepare to die!" For a moment, forgetting the terror of her body, she looked up into his face with a smile of trustful love, unmingled with the slightest expression of alarm.

"How?" he exclaimed, "do you not fear for your life when my sword is within an inch of your unbeloved heart?"

"No!" she replied, "I cannot fear, for the sword is in the hands of my father."

The father threw his sword away, and pointed to the angry sea, and the terrible sky. "And is not this storm, this tempest, this fury of the hands of your heavenly Father?—and can you fear him who has followed you with goodness and mercy the storm and the sea?"

The daughter bowed her stricken head for a moment, and then looked up to the storm riven sky without dismay or fear. She threw her arms around her father, and, with a smile of hope and trust, waited the result. As she looked up, a gleam of light broke athwart the heavens. The storm died, and the good vessel rode safely into harbor.

Dear readers, remember that every trouble that falls upon you is but a sword in the hands of your Father.—English paper.

LOVE CURED BY HYDROPATHY.

The Elgin Courant gives an amusing narrative of the manner in which two young ladies, residing near Elgin, effected a cure of their impetuous attentions of a pair of young brainless wooers. These latter, in spite of all repulses, persisted in annoying the young ladies, and at last contrived the idea of despoiling their devotion by serenading them in the evening. One night, to their great surprise, a window was thrown up, as which the two young ladies appeared, and informed the professedly love-sick swains that they would at once be secretly admitted to their apartments. The swains, who, as they were told, a private entrance, descending a few steps into the darkness, where they were told to remain quietly until their conductors could go round another way and open the inner door of the room. The door shudders, the key turns, and the prisoners stand on a cold stone floor in tremendous anxiety. Five minutes pass, yet, no appearance of the ladies. After some mystification, the gents discover, to their amazement, that the ladies have been so long waiting, that they have fallen asleep. The swains, in a fit of rage, rush out amid shouts of laughter and derision. The cure, it is scarcely necessary to add, has been most effectual.

THE LUNATIC COMMITTEE.

"Have you heard anything of the Lunatic Committee yet?" asked Mrs. Farrington, at the City Hall, of the young ladies, as she gracefully handed her a snuff-box, at the same time watching like, who was emptying the sand-box upon the pavement. The young ladies, who were sitting there, and that they were well taken care of. "I'm glad to hear of it, poor creatures," replied she, "and hope they will be sent back to their friends. What are we without our reason?"

said she, raising her finger and losing all her self by the gesture. "We are perfectly unreasonable without our reason, but simply a lunatic sent off to inspect lunatics in other places." She thought a moment, and said that it made very little difference, leaving the messenger in doubt as to whether or not there was little difference between a common councilman and a lunatic, or wrong in her conception of the matter, and he is doubting to this hour.—Fust.

Men can hardly be more mistaken than to think of gaining the esteem of others, by yielding to their wishes contrary to their own sense of duty.



THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.  
MATURIN M. BALLGOW, EDITOR.

The terms of The Flag of our Union are \$2.00 per annum, in advance. The paper is always delivered at the expiration of the time paid for. No insertions on the last page.

\*All communications designed for publication in this paper, must be addressed to F. GLEASON, Boston, Mass., proprietor of The Flag of our Union, post paid.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

- "The Goldenrod of Paris," a tale by FRANCES A. DUNY.
- "The Last of the Brigade," a story from the French, by ANNE T. WILSON.
- "Famous Shipwrecks," a tale by Mrs. M. E. ROSS.
- "Susan Kiley's Ball," a humorous sketch by THE OLD DEW.
- "Borrowing Trouble," a domestic story by Mrs. E. P. DEW.
- "The Soldier Will," the Worker in the Dark," a tale by SIBILLA CORN, JR.
- "To Be," a story by C. C. WATKINS.
- "Autumn," a poem by W. A. KENTON.
- "A Morning Reverie," a poem by W. A. KENTON.
- "The Love's Lament," a poem by W. A. KENTON.

ARTICLES RECEIVED.

- "A Friendly Visit," "Winter," "Lines on the Death of W. E. B. DuBois," "The Soldier's Farewell," "The Mercantile," "Lines written in a Bible," "Memory of Fannie," "Memory of A. M. G.," and "Lines on the Death of a Friend."

TO OUR PATRONS.

The undersigned, after ten years of unprecedented business success as a publisher—years of uninterrupted and agreeable association with the reading public, and the army of subscribers whose names grace the list of "The Flag of our Union" and "Gleason's Pictorial"—having realized an ample competency, fully commensurate with his desires, now retires from business altogether. In doing this, he feels at a loss how to properly express himself. First, in what form to say farewell to those with whom he has held such long and pleasant intercourse; and second, in what language to return his grateful acknowledgments for the unequalled patronage he has received, and the kind feelings which have ever been expressed towards him and these publications.

He feels largely indebted to his brother publishers of the press throughout the country for the unanimous voice of approval with which it has greeted these journals from week to week, and hopes that the same success which he has himself realized, may be experienced by each and all of them in their arduous and peculiar calling. It is highly gratifying to the undersigned, not only to leave the establishment and the papers in the hands of success, but also to know that the whole business passes into the hands of one who is no stranger to its minutest detail—one who has been associated with himself in its guidance from the very commencement.

In leaving the establishment in Mr. BALLGOW's hands, who now becomes sole proprietor, the undersigned fully realizes that not the least portion of interest or value of the concern will be taken from it, but that the same excellence and liberality of management will characterize its progress as heretofore, embracing a series of brilliant plans designed to vastly beautify and improve the papers in the coming new volumes commencing on the first of January.

With these few remarks the undersigned desires most cordially to bid farewell to one and all, and earnestly to recommend the establishment, and its well known new proprietor, to their kindest consideration.

F. GLEASON.

It will be seen by the above that FREDERICK GLEASON, Esq., publisher and proprietor of "The Flag of our Union," and "Gleason's Pictorial," has disposed of his business, and entire interest in his publishing house, to the undersigned, to whom he has referred in complimentary terms, as to his long association with him in business. Our readers, however, cannot be told in minute of the years of pleasant and profitable association that have transpired between both parties, though they are here assured of the cordial and friendly feeling with which the present business arrangement is consummated.

The titles and the same general characteristics of the papers will be continued, and no effort will be spared to enhance the value of both, as well as the Magazine, which is to commence with the new year. Many new and popular features will be introduced, and the large patronage so long extended to these papers, shall be fully merited by increased worth and additional attractions.

M. M. BALLGOW.

\*All communications addressed to this establishment, of whatever nature, will be hereafter directed in accordance with the above.

LORD BROUGHAM.—A French writer states that Lord Brougham is at the present time residing at his chateau at Cannes, in the South of France. His form is bowed by the winters of seventy-seven years, but his step is firm, and his face full. His mental powers are unimpaired.

SILVER.—The product of the silver mines Mexico for the year 1850 exceeded that of the rest of the world by one million of dollars—the total yield being \$33,000,000.

FLOWERS AND PERFUMERY.

Some idea of the importance of perfumery as an article of commerce, may be formed, when it is stated that one of the largest perfumers of France, in France, employs annually 10,000 lbs. of orange blossoms, 60,000 lbs. of cassia flowers, 54,000 lbs. of violet flowers, 30,000 lbs. of lavender, 16,000 lbs. of lilac, 10,000 lbs. of rosemary, mint, lavender, thyme, lemon, orange, and other odorous plants, in like proportion. Flowers yield perfumes in all climates, but those growing in the warmer latitudes are, it seems, the most prolific in their odor, while those from the colder are sweeter. Though many of the finest perfumes come from the East Indies, Ceylon, Mexico and Peru, the south of Europe is the only real garden of utility to the perfumer. Grasse and Nice are the principal seats of the art. From their geographical position, the growers, within comparatively short distances, have at command that change of climate most applicable to bringing to perfection the plants required for their trade.

On the coast his cassia grows without fear of frost, one night of which would destroy all the plants for a season; while nearer the Alps, his violets are found sweeter than if grown in the warmer situation where the orange tree and magnolia bloom to perfection. England, however, can claim the superiority in the growth of lavender and pepper mint; the essential oils extracted from these plants, grows at Metchen, in Surrey, realize eight times the price in the market of those produced in France or elsewhere, and are fully worth the difference for delicacy of odor.

CAPRICE OF A SINGER.

Mademoiselle Cruvelli, the famous cantatrice, was recently engaged at the grand opera at Paris, for the term of eight months. She was to sing but twice a week during that time, and was to receive for her services the comfortable little sum of one hundred thousand francs. On the day before her first appearance, however, she discovered that her name had not been printed upon the play bills in larger characters than the names of the other actors and actresses, and in indignation at what she considered an outrageous imposition, she immediately absconded from Paris, and the poor manager, after waiting and waiting in vain for her appearance at the theatre, was obliged to refund the money taken at the doors, and close the house for the evening. But the affair was a serious one. A prosecution was entered against her for a breach of her engagement, and the furniture and other property at her residence was seized for security. This matter stood at last accounts. Mademoiselle Cruvelli had not made her appearance, and nobody knew where she had gone. Her servants said that, on the morning of the departure, she had gone out as if for a walk, leaving all her money, trinkets, and property behind. Her most intimate friends declared that she had acted under the advice of M. Herbert, the Minister of Justice under Louis Philippe.

SUPERSTITIOUS LIQUORS.

It is so well understood that *apparent* foreign wares, etc., are anything but what they purport to be, that to publish the fact seems superfluous. However—an old fact attested is good as new, and the following, having judicial sanction, may be worth stating. The recent opening of a "liquor case" in the New York courts puts Hildebrand at a discount. Some notable things were developed touching the manufacture of cider into the choicest brands of champagne. Empty champagne bottles are bought at the hotels and other places, the labels are ingeniously imitated, and the whole finishing and packing are in exact resemblance of the genuine article. The offenders are given to the cider by forcing air into the bottles. This spurious champagne is sold in great quantities to the hotels and to dealers, and the quantity of it drunk doubtless greatly exceeds that of the genuine importation. Many a man smacks his lips over Hildebrand or Schneider, that was never nearer France, than Newark.

PROPERTIES OF GLASS.—Glass, in ductility, ranks next to gold. Its flexibility, also, is so great, that when hot, it can be drawn out like elastic thread, miles in length in a moment, and to a minuteness equal to that of the silkworm. It is so elastic that it can be blown to a gauze-like thinness, so as easily to float upon the air, and a globe of it, hermetically sealed, if dropped upon a polished surface, will recoil two-thirds the distance of its fall, and remain entire until the second or third rebound.

PRESENTMENT.—The present emperor of the French, when in this country, remarked, it is said, to a gentleman at West Point, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, "My sphere of action, at no very distant date, will be at the head of the French nation. I am very sorry for it; but who can control his destiny? Fate decides these matters, and we have nothing to do but to obey her dictates!"

A NEW EXCELLENCE.—A new tuber, the Chinese Yam, has been introduced in Paris, from China, which the experimenters say possesses all the virtues of the potato, and may take its place as a culinary vegetable. Specimens introduced in England, also thrive well.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—This weekly periodical comes regularly to our table, and is most heartily welcomed for its timely and interesting contents, its literary quality, and its pictures beautiful and well executed.—*Amos T. Jones.*

AWFUL DEATH.—Near Keshowa, Wis., lately, a drunken man was literally devoured by hogs, while lying in the road, in a state of beastly intoxication.

QUICKSILVER.—The production of quicksilver in California is getting to be a large business. Great quantities are shipped to South America and China.

TRY IT.—If you think twice before you speak once, you will speak twice as well for it.

EDITORIAL INKSPOTS.

A disastrous fire occurred in Lockport, N. Y., 2d inst., laying in ruins much of the town.

Ward's Hotel, Dunkirk, N. Y., was totally destroyed by fire, with its contents, the 2d inst. The city of Savannah is said to be entirely free from the epidemic which has prevailed there. The number of inmates at Deer Island Hospital, Boston Harbor, 1st inst., was 356.

Mammoth city, Ohio, was nearly destroyed by fire on the night of the 28th ult.

Nearly a dozen clergymen will be in the next Legislature of the State of Maine.

During October there arrived at New York 351 steamers and packets, with 59,593 passengers. A wise man knows his own ignorance; a fool thinks he knows everything.

The price of four is now falling in the New York market about as rapidly as it went up. No fewer than fifty-four newspapers are now published in California.

The Paris (Maine) jail has been tenanted for more than six months past.

One man died and one child was born at the recent advent camp meeting in Exeter, N. H. Deliberate long upon what you can do but once. A maxim worth remembering.

The wheat crop in California is said to be unusually good.

The new city established in Kansas, by the New England emigrants, is called "Lawrence."

Mr. Henson of the city is engaged in writing a popular history of America.

A famine unparalleled in the history of the country, is said to prevail in the land of Judah.

The price of coal has fallen in Boston \$1 to \$2 per ton, according to sizes.

Superstition renders a man a fool, and skepticism makes him mad.

The drinking-rooms in New Orleans are, by law, obliged to close at eleven o'clock at night.

Rich silver mines have been lately opened on the Catachocche River, Georgia.

The granaries of the Danish islands are said to be overflowing.

INTERESTING RELIQU.

The ballet by which General Joseph Warren was killed at Bunker Hill in 1775, is still preserved. It is an ounce ball, and was exhibited by Alexander H. Everett, on the delivery of an oration at Charleston, June 17, 1838, in which he exclaimed: "This is the one, fellow-citizens, which I now hold in my hand! The cartridge, which partly covered it, is stained, as you see, with the hero's blood." This ball is now deposited in the Library of the United States Historic-Genesalogical Society, with the original affidavit of Rev. William Montague, formerly pastor of Christ Church, Boston, who made oath that he obtained the ball in London, of Arthur Savage, once an officer of the company of the port of Boston, who gave Mr. Montague this account of the ball: "On the morning of the 18th of June, 1775, after the battle of Bunker Hill, I, with a number of other royalists and British officers, among whom was General Burgoyne, went over from Boston to Charleston to view the battle-field. Among the men we found the body of Dr. Joseph Warren, with whom I had been personally acquainted. When he fell, he fell across a rail. This ball I took from his body, and as I shall never visit Boston again, I will give it to you to take to America, where it will be valuable as a relic of your revolution."

CUPID OUT WEST.

The young god of love, in his old age, seems to be getting reckless as to the direction in which he flings his fatal shafts. In Somerset, Ohio, a short time since, two girls were so captivated with the war-whoop and dances of a band of Indians who were exhibiting in that town, that they eloped with two of them, and proceeded as far as the town of Putnam, when they were overtaken by their angry mother, a widow lady, who called on the police to rescue her daughters from their newly chosen husbands. Finding all her efforts of no avail, she at length yielded to the solicitations of a third dusky warrior, and joining her fortunes to his for better or worse, accompanied her daughters on their western tour!

SAD MORTALITY.—A Neapolitan paper gives shocking accounts from Messina, respecting the cholera. Owing to the panic which had seized upon the country people, the city was kept forty-eight hours without provisions. Bodies had remained without burial for days for want of hands to do the office. In the midst of all this pestilence, the citadel, which lies on an elevated rock, has completely escaped.

THE CENTRAL OHIO RAILROAD.—The rails are now laid along the entire length of this new road, and on Saturday week the first engine passed from the Ohio river to the town of Cambridge, Ohio. There is now an uninterrupted railroad communication from Baltimore to Cincinnati, Louisville, Columbus, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Chicago and Alton.

SERVITORS OF THE WAR OF 1812.—A collection of the survivors of the war of 1812 is to be held in Washington, on the 8th of January next, to adopt such measures as will induce Congress not only to do justice to them, but also to the widows of those who have gone to their last account.

TO BE HUNG.—Nicholas Bechan, tried at Riverhead, L. I., for the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Wickham, has been found guilty and sentenced to be hung.

HORTICULTURAL.—The Maine Farmer speaks of a five years' trial of Bartlett pears grafted on the mountain ash, as very successful, the trees bearing well, and the pears excellent.

PENNY WISE.—One day since a man crossed the Mississippi, at the town of Chester, Ill., by swimming, for the sake of saving five cents ferriage!

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

For the present week embrace the following contents:

- "The White Cottage and the Mansion," a story by Rev. HENRY HAZEN.
- "The Goodness of God," a tale by ALICE CLARK.
- "Jesse of Foreign Travel," No. 22, by F. GLEASON.
- "Heaven hath our Angel home," lines by ELIZABETH LORRAINE CHAPMAN.
- "My Heart keeps Watch," a poem by ELIZABETH M. F. BARNARD.
- "Memory," stanzas by D. HADY JR.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

- We give in this week's Pictorial an accurate portrait of Robert Fulton, the pioneer in steam navigation, with a picture of the first steamboat invented by him, and also a model of steam craft of the present day.
- A series of engravings illustrating life and manners among the Arabs, occupying five entire pages.
- View of Oudwell Village, on Lake George, New York.
- Portrait of Dr. Kane, of the Criminal Expanding Expedition.
- Portrait of Sir John Franklin, of the English Exploring Expedition.
- An engraving of the new Light Boat built for the U. S. Navy.
- An allegorical illustration, entitled Reading by the Wayside.
- Representation of the Battle-field of Waterloo, as it now appears.
- A view of the celebrated public garden of Paris, called the Champs de Mars (Paris Engraving).
- A view of the Manchester Prison, at Manchester, New Hampshire.
- "The Prisoner," for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents per copy.

Foreign Items.

Prince Napoleon has sent twelve thousand muskets to Schumly.

The Russian troops in the Crimea have been terribly decimated by the cholera.

The city of Kola, the capital of Russian Lapland, has been destroyed by an English ship-of-war.

Nine hundred out of every thousand boys born since 1848, in Hungary, are now told, bear the name of Lajos (Louis), in memory of the exile.

In Russia, the candles used in the mines are made of tallow mixed with powdered charcoal, which is found to increase the intensity of the light.

The Haarestein Tunnel (Bale) is pierce to a length of 365 feet on the southern, and 400 feet on the northern side of the mountain. The average shafts are 174, 150, and 290 feet deep. The whole tunnel is to be 8300 feet long.

Nearly 200,000 persons have bathed in the Serpentine river, Hyde Park, this season. Ninety of them were saved from drowning by the exertions of the baysmen employed by the Royal Humane Society, and but one fatal accident has occurred.

The entire repeal of the usury laws in Great Britain has been accomplished at the recent session of Parliament. It is now lawful in Great Britain to loan money at any rate of interest and on any description of property, either real estate or otherwise.

The war taxes now imposed directly upon the British people, and paid for in hard cash, amount to fifty millions of dollars annually. This is about equal to the whole amount of annual taxes levied by the United States government on its revenue duties.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

By suffering we may avoid sinning; but by sinning we cannot avoid suffering.

He who the shadow follows, follows who flee from it, but flies from those who pursue.

We are not to too nicely scrutinize motives, as long as action is irreproachable.

Genius unexercised is no more genius than a ball of acorns is a forest of oaks.

The surest way to lose your own health is to be continually drinking that of other people.

Boast not of thy good deeds, lest thy evil deeds be also laid to thy charge.

He who will take no advice, but be always his own counsellor, shall be sure to have a fool for his client.

Correction does much, but encouragement does more. Encouragement after failure is the sun after a shower.

Laws should be so framed, that the public would find it more to their interest to keep them than to disobey them.

Implicit faith proves incredible; yet improbable relations should be skeptically received, not positively denied.

Boasting seldom or never accompanies a sense of real power. When men feel that they can express themselves by deeds, they do not often care to do so by words.

Secret sorrows are like those destructive ingredients which we are forced to confine and seal up, but which corrode in the vessels in which they are contained.

Misfortune which place us beneath our condition are the hardest of all to endure, because there comes with them a sense of degradation, which diminishes fortitude, but increases adversity.

Joker's Budget.

To prevent dogs from killing sheep—cut their heads off when they are young. It is a certain remedy.

Why should a pecker of old clothes be the most moral of men? Because he is continually parting with his bad "habits."

"My dinner don't agree with me," said a man to his wife, after an extraordinary hearty meal.

I don't blame it, my dear; I saw you *joining* it so hard.

"Why, you are throwing stones at your mother's cow?" "I know I is," said a small, ragged urchin, "but I don't care, 'cause she never gives me nothing but butter-milk, no how."

"What makes the milk so warm?" said Betty to the milkman, when he brought his pail to the door one morning. "Please, morn, the pump-handle's broke, and miasms took the water from the biler."

There is a book with the dangerous title of "pocket lawyer." We shouldn't much like a book with this title, for we are afraid if we ever get the lawyer into our pocket, we should never be able to get him out.

The wind, on Sunday night, blew a perfect gale. Several horses on the canal had their tails torn off. At Spryker's Basin the storm raged with great fury. The scow Betsy Jane carried away her stove-pipe, and unshipped her lee scuppers.

An exchange says, a lady went into a hardware store yesterday, in which there were a couple of clerks, and called for a pair of snuffers. She said, "I want one of the clerks—we both snuff." The proprietor of the store put them both out.

A lover once wrote to a lady who rejected him, saying that he intended to retire "to some secluded spot, and breathe away his life in sighs." To which the lady replied by inquiring whether they were to be much or large size. The man has not since been heard from.

Quill and Scissors.

Speaking of the recent appearance of the newspaper from Dunkirk, N. Y., the Journal of that place says: "We were also told that several of our fishermen have long been observing a dark, slim, from actual observation, of the existence of some imaginary monster in the waters of the lake. Very few persons are favorable with actual observation of imaginary monsters."

The Rev. London Parvill, a colored man, was followed to the grave in Lexington, Kentucky, a few days since, by nearly two thousand people. At the time of his death, though originally a slave, he was pastor of a Baptist church of colored persons. He had been for nearly forty years, being at the time of his death sixty-five years of age.

A black bear got loose from a museum in New Orleans, and getting upon the roof of a tall hanging establishment, created a great excitement. With much difficulty he was got down to the street door, and into a cage placed there to receive him; but in thrusting him into it, a rope around his neck was drawn too tightly and he choked to death.

The Annapolis Republican says there is now living in the "Swamp," in the lower section of Anne Arundel county, a man by the name of Richard Crandell, who is one hundred and six years old, and is said to be very active and sprightly, and speaks of the improvement he intends to make on his farm like a man of forty or fifty.

Mrs. Sinclair is realizing a fortune at San Francisco. Her last benefit yielded her over three thousand dollars. The lady appeared at the conclusion of the performance in a magnificent dress, which was received with much enthusiasm by the audience.

The amount of gold shipped from California, from January first to October 31st, 1851, was \$37,461,000; amount deposited in bars in the mint, \$3,760,841; amount yielded for coinage, \$3,400,259—making a total yield during the nine months of \$44,622,101.

It has recently been decided that the laws and regulations of the army authorizing pay for extraordinary services in the performance of duty, do not include their families; and no payments on their account for travel or passage money can be legally allowed.

Mr. Layzel, a French chemist, says that he has discovered that by grinding tea in the same manner as coffee, before infusion, the quantity of exhilarating fluid obtained is nearly doubled. The experiment is worth trying.

The keeper of the State Arsenal in New York is in the habit of loaning out muskets to target companies at a shilling a piece. As there are thousands of them daily during the fall months, the shilling pieces amount to a very respectable sum.

George W. Keyser, convicted of the seduction of Sarah Ann Ashton, has been sentenced to pay a fine of \$1000, and to imprisonment for six years in the eastern penitentiary of Pennsylvania.

The New York Sunday Atlas suggests that "Master Nellis, the boy without arms," will make an excellent man for a Mayor, because he cannot get his hands into the treasury.

On Monday night the junction railroad office in Worcester was broken into and robbed of several hundred tickets. This is the third time within five months that the office has been robbed. American dentists are getting in vogue among the Parisians. There is said to be of that profession from Yankee land, now settled in that gay capital.

In Northumberland, among the lower classes, India-rubber is almost universally called lead-stone; of course for its useful property of erasing marks from lead.

The wife of James Bowen, of Somerset, Niagara county, cut her throat with a razor, while in despair induced by the dissipation of her husband.

Ladies in New York dress their hair à la Grec for evening parties, at present. It is an old style again revived, and is very becoming to most faces.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Caldwell, Mr. Henry R. Heathman, of New Hampshire, to Miss Elizabeth A. Hall.

At New Bedford, by Rev. J. B. Gould, Mr. E. F. Fennerty to Miss Elizabeth B. Dexter.

By Rev. H. M. Butler, Mr. Edward H. Dunne to Miss Louisa A. Wood.

By Rev. E. Edmunds, Mr. Samuel G. Sherman to Miss Sarah P. Goodwin.

By Rev. Charles Field, Mr. Adolphus E. Terry to Miss Elizabeth J. Prescott.

At Charleston, by Rev. Dr. Caldwell, Mr. Nathan W. Hild to Miss Margaret A. A. A.

At Brooklyn, by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. James Lawson to Miss Louisa Armstrong.

At Lynn, Mr. George C. Brown to Miss Elizabeth Brown; Mr. Arthur R. Rand to Miss Margaret Burns.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Chittenden, Mr. John Forbes to Miss Rebecca Jane Barnes.

At Marlborough, Mr. Isaac Barnard to Miss Mary Jane Strong.

At Manchester, by Rev. F. P. Danforth, Mr. G. W. Hamner to Miss Hilly D. Cross.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Daniel B. Prime to Miss Elizabeth A. Smith.

At Gloucester, Mr. William P. Parkhurst to Miss Elizabeth Parkhurst.

At Newburyport, by Rev. D. M. Reed, Mr. George W. Giff to Miss Harriet Collier.

At Waltham, by Rev. L. B. Frost, Mr. W. H. Stearns to Miss Louisa Maria Popper.

At Milford, Hon. John C. Park, of Boston, to Miss Caroline M. Allen.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Blanchard, Mr. James C. Russell to Miss Phoebe J. Perry.

At New Bedford, by Rev. J. B. Gould, Mr. Ebenezer Baxter to Miss Julia A. Crapo.

At Northbridge, by Rev. Mr. Bates, Mr. Wm. F. Batchelder to Miss Louisa E. Southwick.

At Marlborough, by Rev. Mr. Bushnell, Mr. Benj. Thayer, of W. to Miss Maria E. Fay, of Westford.

Deaths.

In this city, Anne Scollay Curtis, 61; James Edward, 61; Mrs. Ann Maria, wife of J. H. Riley; Mr. Joseph Mason, formerly of Gloucester; Mr. John H. Smith, 70; Miss Ellen M. Houghton, 21; Mr. Samuel B. Topham, 24; John Sargent Trueman, 35; Mrs. Elizabeth M. Hill, 75; Mrs. Maria McEwen, 45.

(Written for The Flag of our Union.)

## A DAY-DREAM.

BY CHARLES WOODS.

Ah, it is sweet,  
While rippling waters reveal to your feet,  
And sweet-tongued larks through the soft tree-tops play,  
To listen joy,  
And gaze with dreamy eyes upon the spray,  
Weaving bright dreams from every passing wave,  
Which, as the wave dies, with it find their grave,  
But they are sweet.

It does harmonious rest,  
The liquid gurgling of a rivulet stream,  
Yelling, as all sweet numbers, soft and clear  
Upon a well-tuned ear,  
While whispering calm comes softly floating on,  
Laden with song,  
The ear drinks in sweet music from the soul,  
And over the ambient sounds roll  
Full draughts of beauty from fair Nature's bowl,  
And gushes joy.

The silver stream  
Flows onward with most delightful gleam,  
Each drop of spray a very star does beam,  
Replete with light,  
Curtled from the glowing sunbeams pure and bright,  
A bright bird crushed with folded wings,  
Does softly sing,  
Till other trembles 'neath his offering,  
And then he darts, as if he were a bird,  
Soft floats on liquid gleams in the glad air,  
What is so fair?

I could thus lay,  
And in sweet vision dream my life away;  
While spheres far away with sunny gleam,  
And at my feet

A thousand flowers rise with ruddy gleam,  
And often stop to kiss the crystal stream  
With lips full sweet,  
Fair Nature's robes are in this lovely dell,  
But, far from pomp she has done sweetly dwell;  
While living glow,  
And unconfined mirth light up her face;  
With beauty wreathed, she crowns her glowing head,  
With all the flowers from her lovely bed,  
Is she not sweet?

(Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.)

## THE EXILES.

## A STORY OF SIBERIA.

BY ANNIE T. WILBUR.

SITUATED at the junction of the roads which lead to the southern and northern sections of Siberia, the city of Khatanga is a singular country. Although you are in Asia from the moment of crossing the Ural Mountains, you perceive here still traces of Europe; but these are the last. Beyond, you will find nothing of the civilization which has hitherto accompanied you; and whatever direction you may take on leaving Khatanga, you find Siberia in all its originality, and peopled with nations alike savage. Now it is in this city, situated at the entrance of Siberia, that the events which we are about to narrate, commenced.

It was in the middle of the month of September, in the year 1766. The sun shone with that deceitful brilliancy which in northern countries announces the approach of winter; its last rays illuminated the windows of the great stone houses, built by the merchants or employees of the mines, and three low purple rays on the mossy roofs of the little wooden huts occupied by the workmen.

A numerous population, wearing besides the national garment, the varied costumes of Germany, Greece and Armenia, were passing along the wooden sidewalks which bordered the straight, but unpaved streets, when suddenly a great commotion arose in one of these streets. The passengers stopped, and the exclamation, "The bread! the bread!" ran from mouth to mouth.

The merchants, attracted by this clamor, immediately came out of their houses; the windows were filled with women and children, and all eyes were turned in the same direction. At last, at the same moment there appeared at the end of the street a company of men, chained two by two, and escorted by Cossacks—they were the exiles sent by the Russian government to work in the mines, or cultivate the fields of Siberia.

Among these exiles, some were submitting to the just chastisement inflicted on crimes committed against society; others were political criminals, guilty of plots or victims of some persecution; the greatest number were *brudagi*, or vagabonds, to whom the government were giving, in spite of themselves, a country. The latter might easily be recognized by their ragged garments and the nonchalance of their march, as well as the careless and brutal expression of their features.

The company, which was composed of about two hundred exiles (half the ordinary number for each month), halted before a house occupied by one of the military commanders, where the officer, who commanded the escort, entered to receive orders. Several of the spectators then hastily withdrew to their own houses, and quickly re-appeared with smoked fish, mutton and brandy, which they offered first to the Cossacks, in order to dispose them favorably, then to the exiles. Some merchants approached in their turn to offer them money. This distribution of assistance broke the order which the condemned had hitherto maintained. They collected in groups, or sat down on the sidewalks, without being opposed by their guards.

Meanwhile, one of these unfortunate had remained standing on the same spot where he had halted, with his head down and his arms folded over his breast. This was a young man of about thirty years, whose countenance wore an open and resolute expression. He was clad in the costume of Russian serfs; but the whiteness of his hands, which had evidently never been used to coarse labor, his free air, his supple and graceful motions, sufficiently proved that he belonged to a more elevated class.

He was aroused from his meditations by the voice of the old man to whom he was chained, and who, doubtless more fatigued, was seated at his feet beside a spaniel, which seemed to be his companion.

"This is then Khatanga, Monsieur Nicholas?" asked he in Russian, but with an accent which betrayed his French origin.

"It is," replied the young man; "we have arrived at the end of our journey, or nearly so." "I am glad of it," replied the Frenchman; "for I have had enough of your pine forests, and roads paved with stumps! If I had the agility of my spaniel—for this brave Vulcan does not seem more fatigued than at the moment of departure;—but a writing-master has more strength of wrist than that of ankle; and yet, at present, my hands are so stiff that I could not make the slightest flourish."

At these words the old man described in the air an arabesque with his hand, as if to assure himself of the degree of rigidity of his muscles. The glance of Nicholas rested on the good man with a sort of compassion, and he said: "Poor Pere Godeaux! why did you leave France?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders, and sighed.

"You are right, Monsieur Rosow; but I heard St. Petersburg spoken of as we speak of Peru. I might, I was told, make a fortune in less than no time. I satisfied myself to be entitled thither, and now am banished with Vulcan, at the age of fifty-five! It was an unparadise folly, so I am punished enough for it, you see. For having culled a letter, which I did not comprehend one word, I have been accused of being concerned in a plot against the state. Ah! if I could but have seen the minister, I could have persuaded him of his error."

"How so?"

"I would have told him to look at me." Nicholas could not help smiling. The aspect of the old writing-master was in fact characteristic enough to suffice for his justification. He had one of those benign and simple faces, which announced one easily duped, but not a conspirator. His large, unlighted eyes, his long nose,—on which was already marked the red trace left by spectacles,—his large toothless mouth and pendulous chin, gave to his whole physiognomy something clownish, which provoked a smile. As to his costume, it partook at once of the pedant and the bell-ringer. He wore a cinnamon-colored coat, a vest, the ground of which had been white, and on which spots of every kind had taken the place of the effaced flowers, black pantaloons, and stockings of violet wool. From his pocket projected one of those long inkstands of leather, surmounted by a pen-case, and a roll of paper carefully enveloped. On seeing the smile of his young companion in misfortune, Godeaux resumed, with a triumphant air:

"Yes, I would have told His Excellency to look at me, and I shall also tell the first military commandant we meet to do so. It is clear that there is an error."

Nicholas shook his head.

"Do not hope that it will be repaired," said he; "the military chiefs who command here are commissioned to guard the exiles, not to verify the cause of their banishment."

"Well, I will send a petition to the emperor."

"It will be difficult to find the means. You have seen how the Cossacks of the escort have received your proposition to that effect."

"Because they are in the employ of the government; but I will address myself to independent persons. After all, it is impossible that some one should not interest themselves for me. If I were a vagabond or a robber, like most of our companions, it would be another thing; but I am a political victim, and hope to profit by my stay here."

He suddenly stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked Rosow, who, while the old writing-master spoke, had lighted his pipe and was preparing to smoke.

"Do you see that man who has stopped at a few paces' distance, and is looking at us?" said Godeaux.

Nicholas turned.

"By his costume," said he, "he must be a rich merchant, from Beresov."

"It seems as if he wished to speak to us, and dared not approach."

"O, I see what it is," returned Nicholas, "the smoke of my pipe frightens him."

"How so?"

"He is a *stovariet*, or a member of a religious sect whose creed it is that it is that which comes out of the mouth which defiles, and has concluded that the smoke of the pipe is a sin."

"Is it possible?"

"You shall see."

The young man extinguished his pipe and put it up; the merchant immediately approached.

"You have had a long journey, poor people!" said he.

"From St. Petersburg hither, you can count the number of versts," said Nicholas.

"And your purses are doubtless exhausted," resumed the merchant, presenting them some pieces of money.

"Keep your silver," said he, haughtily, "we have asked nothing of you."

"A professor of calligraphy accepts no alms," added Godeaux, in a dignified tone.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, putting up his money; "you will at least accept a little food."

They declined. But the *stovariet* insisted, saying that he would bring them a quarter of reindeer and a bottle of *valiki*.

"God reward you for your charity," replied Rosow, "but our rations are sufficient."

"I should like to have been able to relieve you in something," said the merchant, "for I know by experience what you must have suffered on this long journey."

"I have you, also, taken it?" asked Nicholas. "Twenty years since, I arrived here like yourself, with iron on my limbs; but God has blessed my business, and at present Daniel Oldorf is cited as one of the richest merchants of Beresov."

"And what was the occasion of your banishment?" returned Rosow.

"A murder committed in my youth."

"God be thanked this is not our case," observed Godeaux; "we have committed no crime, we are simply political exiles."

All the interest expressed by the countenance of the merchant vanished, to give place to an appearance of constraint and uneasiness. Godeaux did not perceive it,—he had approached the *stovariet*.

"I am the victim of an error, sir," resumed he, "of a fatal error."

Daniel looked around him without replying. "It would suffice I noted the writing-master, to acquaint the emperor with the truth."

The Russian began to draw back.

"And since you appear to be so affected by our situation," continued Godeaux, lowering his voice, "you can render me an important service."

"I'll how!" stammered Oldorf.

The Frenchman drew a paper from his pocket. "It will suffice to forward this petition."

The merchant heard no more, but making a gesture of fright, turned his back and fled. Godeaux remained stupefied, with his petition in his hand.

"You have frightened him," said Rosow, laughing.

"What! by showing him this letter?"

"He could not take charge of it without exposing himself to a severe penalty. I have already told you, Siberia is a spot, appeals from which the court will not hear. Every precaution is taken, and no petition, no request of the exile can leave it. Once here, he must accept his destiny forever."

"Forever!" repeated Godeaux; "it is impossible, sir, impossible! The injustice done must be repaired, and that without delay. I am fifty-five years old."

"I am but twenty-four," said Rosow, with a melancholy but firm expression, "and you see that I submit without a murmur."

Godeaux looked at him.

"You are right," resumed he; "during the whole route I have admired your courage, I may add, your generosity,—for but for your assistance—"

"It was only a duty," interrupted the young man, "I have not told you that you reminded me of my French teacher, a brave abbe, who could not make me learned, but whose kindness I shall never forget. Besides, the similarity in our situations attaches us to each other, for I also find myself an exile in consequence of an error."

"Say a crime, sir!" exclaimed Godeaux, with indignation.

"To cause a relative to be banished and sent to Siberia, to deprive him of his share of an inheritance! The Count de Passig, your cousin, is a villain."

"Perhaps so," said Nicholas; "but as he is powerful at court, and I am only an obscure officer, he will enjoy his spoils without being denounced by any one, and the only course left to me is to accept philosophically my new position."

So I have renounced all my hopes for the future, all my projects for advancement. With this suit of dress I have sought to assume the spirit of a serf; and the wisest plan, Pere Godeaux, would be for you to do the same. See, Vulcan is giving you an example of resignation."

This allusion to his dog seemed to arouse the old writing-master from his abstraction. He turned towards the spaniel, who was at the distance of a few paces, sitting on his hind paws, and looking at him with a sly expression.

"Poor Vulcan!" said he, "how will he become accustomed to this frightful country! A dog born in the centre of civilization, sir! for he was given me by a market-man, who had educated him with the greatest care. But of what use can his education be here?"

This thought brought back the sad reflections of the good man, and he passed his hand over the spaniel's head with a sigh. At this moment the officers re-appeared; they ordered the exiles to resume their ranks, and they were conducted to the lodgings destined for them during their stay in Khatanga.

The next day they began to learn their destination. Several were sent to the mines of the Ural, others to the steps to settle as colonists. Nicholas and his companion set out for Beresov, where they were to learn definitely their fate.

Hardly had they arrived there, when they were visited by the tax-gatherer, Michael Kitsoff, who passed for the counselor and aid of the governor.

Kitsoff was a stout man, of small stature, with a root-colored face, aquiline eyes, and straight hair, who interspersed all his sentences with a dry chuckle, and whose scanty and threadbare costume revealed extreme avarice. He informed the two exiles who he was, and began to interrogate them abruptly. But Rosow, who had experienced towards him, from the first glance, an instinctive repugnance, replied briefly to all his questions. At last the tax-gatherer asked what was the residence designated for himself and his companion.

"We are awaiting orders," replied Rosow.

"You are then perhaps to be sent to the East, among the Tungusians, a country where neither grain nor vegetable grow, where they drink only the broth of mushrooms and eat dirt in the form of butter."

The nervous and malignant laugh of the tax-gatherer occasioned in Nicholas a movement of impatience; but he immediately suppressed it.

"I can live where other men live," said he, dryly.

"Paradise!" returned Kitsoff, chuckling, "since you are so resolute, boy, we can send you still farther north, among the Samoides. They will teach you to walk on four feet, and to imitate all the movements of the white bears, in such a manner as to convince them that you are one of their brethren, and to attract them."

"Attract the white bears?" exclaimed Godeaux, affrighted, "and with what object, sir?"

"With the object of killing and eating them, my friend. The white bear is the game of the Samoides; they live on bear's meat, raw salmon

\* The kamenny-mush, butter from the rock. It is a substance which exudes from the rocks, and may be recognized by its penetrating odor. It is yellow, of a slightly agreeable taste, and the Samoides are very fond of it.

and lichens, with a little fish oil, which they drink to assist their digestion."

The writing-master uttered a groan of horror.

"In other respects," continued Kitsoff, "you will have no reason to complain; whatever may be their residence, the colonists are free, and labor only as many hours as they please. But you may be destined to the mine of Bolchozarod, where one must perform in six months the labor of twelve. The most robust man cannot endure it but three years."

"They desire our death, then?" exclaimed Godeaux. "It is impossible to avoid this,—there is no one to interest himself in our behalf!"

"I could speak to the governor," said Kitsoff, winking, "and on my recommendation he would designate you to the residence you preferred."

"Ah! you will be our deliverer, sir!" exclaimed the old writing-master, seizing with gratitude the dirty and flabby hand of the tax-gatherer.

The latter interrupted him by his chuckling laugh.

"Yes, yes," said he, "I have already saved many others, who have thanked me as well as they could, see how."

He had drawn from a seal-skin pocket-book several billets, which he presented to the school-master. The latter opened one of them and read:

"I acknowledge the debt of twelve roubles to Michael Kitsoff, which he will pay to himself with his own hands."

"Then it is a bargain which you propose to us," said Godeaux, with a surprised air, returning to Kitsoff his billets; "but I cannot promise to give a sum which I do not possess."

"I will undertake to find it," said Michael, "both for yourself and your companion."

Rosow shrugged his shoulders.

"You comprehend, then?" asked Godeaux.

"Perfectly," said the young man; "the tax-gatherer will deduct these twelve roubles from the pension allowed us by the emperor. And we shall neither labor in the mines, nor be sent to the distant countries with which this man threatens us, because political exiles do not leave the city."

The tax-gatherer turned pale; his aquiline eyes assumed an expression of cowardly anger impossible to describe, and his chuckle became convulsive.

"Abuse, to me!" stammered he; "very well. We shall see who will repeat first; I will go and find the governor."

"I hope also to see him," said Nicholas, "and I will acquaint him with your proposition."

Kitsoff burst into a laugh.

"Do so, do so!" said he; "inasmuch as you have been recommended to him by your cousin Passig. The commandant Lefebouze, who is one of the protectors of the count, has orders to watch over you, to deprive you of every means of protestation. I should have been glad to have softened these orders, but you would not let me."

Very well!"

And Michael Kitsoff went out.

The threats which he had made were fulfilled with delay. Nevertheless, their title of political exiles and their protests, Rosow and Godeaux were dispatched the next day to the countries of the North, as free colonists.

Before their departure, each laid aside his costume to assume that of the Ostiaks. They first put on leathern breeches, descending to the knees, garters fastened to the breeches by thongs, boots made of the paws of the reindeer sewn in strips; finally, a malitta, or shirt, made of the skin of the same animal, having the hair within, and a glove sewed to each sleeve. They afterwards passed over these garments the parka, or blouse of fur, and above the parka a cloak, called gosh, the hood of which was ornamented with the ears of a reindeer and bordered with the skin of a long-haired dog. Their costume was completed by a girdle adorned with buttons, to which was suspended a knife, with a wooden handle, enclosed in a sheath of leather.

This muffled up, the two exiles so perfectly resembled two bears, that Vulcan recoiled, barking. To each of them was given a box six feet long, half of birch, half of fir, and a quiver full of arrows, some armed with steel points, others without points for the sibilines (snakes) and squirrels. At last, after the adieu, which Nicholas Rosow attempted to render gay, each took separately the same road to the spot which was designated to him.

What we have said of Nicholas Rosow must have sufficed to give the reader some idea of the energy and pliability of his disposition; so, far from allowing himself to be cast down by his new position, he labored to make it as profitable as possible. As soon as he arrived at his place of destination, tools were given him, and the right was accorded him to cut fire in the nearest forest to construct his cabin. He afterwards obtained seeds, some reindeer and some sheep. There the generosity of the emperor to the exiles ceased; but this was enough, his address and industry would procure for him the rest.

He commenced by hunting bears, foxes, squirrels, elk, whose skins he sold to the merchants of Beresov. Then, having learned to manufacture lines and nets of the fibres of the nettle, he devoted himself to the fishing of the salmon (a species of salmon) in the streams. But the most profitable of his employments was the pursuit of swans on the banks of the Ob.

At the end of autumn, he spread large nets perpendicularly in the clearings of the forests which bordered the river; then, profiting by a dense fog, entered his boat and drove before him flocks of swans, who hurrying to seek a shelter in the forest, encountered the nets as they were left with their heads entangled in the meshes. Rosow gathered also in the woods black gooseberries, the Arctic raspberries, and the fragrant berries which compose the naliki.

Most of the commodities were carried by him to Beresov, when he repaired thither to pay his

taxes to the tax-gatherer, Michael Kitsoff. The latter, who had not forgotten the contempt with which the young man had formerly repulsed his propositions, at first cast upon him a cold and

perceptions; but Nicholas defeated his evil intentions by a constant obedience to the laws, and a scrupulous exactness in fulfilling all the obligations imposed on the colonists. So the tax-gatherer had at last seemed to lay aside his enmity, and contented himself with a few jests when he encountered the young man on his way.

The latter one morning left his house with several valuable furs which he intended to sell to Daniel Oldorf, and took the road to Beresov, where he had not been for a long time. It was towards the last of the month of September. The leaves of the birch, borne by a chilly north wind, were whirling in the field; the wild geese were flying in flocks towards the countries of the south, the assemblies in the open air had ceased in the villages to give place to the *podsoy*, or indoor evening parties; everything announced the approach of cold weather. Such is the rapidity of the changes of the seasons in Siberia, that a few hours suffice to cause the fine days of autumn to be succeeded by the signs of winter,—to-day they are finishing cutting the barley, and two days afterwards the fields are buried beneath a deep snow.

Rosow followed the road, whose direction was indicated by fir-branches planted here and there, like so many landmarks. He passed every instant village, in the midst of which rose poles garnished with narrow papers which protected the little projecting roofs, and on which might be still deciphered fragments of ukases, or imperial edicts; at the forest of birch, interspersed with firs; half day in the ground, or in elevated *iserts*, which were reached by a stairway of fir. Sometimes, on passing by the latter, one of their little windows, garnished with ling-glass, opened up gently, and a woman would stretch out her head with a curious air; but oftener he perceived only men, gathering on the birch-trees the spangly excrecences which they mix with their tobacco, or dogs which rose up to see him pass.

On approaching Beresov, he remarked that the inhabitants expected an approaching invasion of the cold, for all were preparing for the winter. He perceived at every door carts of grain or vegetables, drawn by reindeer, who waited impatiently for the moment when they should return to their pasturage of lichens.

The houses were numerous, the peasants bearing provisions of fermented cabbage; of Samoides and Ostiaks, laden with fish or reindeer's meat, destined for the citizens, who preserve these all winter, without any other preparation, in their ice-houses; finally, the colonists from the banks of the Ob, offering the eggs of wild ducks and salted swans.

After having traversed several streets, Nicholas reached at last the dwelling of Daniel Oldorf. It was a large house, solidly built of wood, very high, and reached by broad steps. Beside it were lower edifices, destined, some for baths, others for storehouses of provisions; while behind extended a row of wooden cabins, which were united to the principal edifice in such a manner as to form a vast court. These cabins the merchant was in the habit of opening in the winter to families, who, in exchange for shelter and nourishment, gave him their time and labor.

The house of Daniel Oldorf, like those of all the wealthy merchants of Siberia, was divided into several rooms, having a fixed and invariable distinction. Nicholas first entered the guest-chamber, where he found the obara, that is to say, the spot consecrated to the images of the saints, always surrounded with votive papers and artificial flowers. It was there that strangers of distinction were received. He afterwards passed by the door of the room where the wines of Europe and other valuable commodities were kept, then, crossing the halls containing reindeer skins and the usual merchandise, he arrived at the apartment occupied by Daniel.

This apartment, vast, but encumbered with articles of every species, presented him the aspect of an inhabited room, more of a curiosity shop. One might see there the skins of wild beasts which were to be despatched to Russia, piled up with shirts of the nettle-thread, and blossoms made of the membranes of fish. The fruits of Bakhara were mingled with the pouches of the beaver, which contain a sort of medicament; packages of tea, with the teeth of the mammoth; tobacco with copper boilers, rusty sabres and strings of buttons. Finally, the whole was intermingled with garments of women, kitchen vessels and utensils, scattered about in every direction.

Rosow advanced in the midst of this Capernaum to the little table before which Daniel Oldorf was seated, busied in regulating accounts with the tax-gatherer, Kitsoff. The latter raised his head and recognized the young man.

"Eh! it is Nicholas the inflexible," said he, with his habitual chuckle; "have you come to pay me your task?"

"You have already received it," said Rosow.

"And you are not the man to pay it twice, is it not so? Then you come to offer some merchandise to Daniel?"

By way of reply, Rosow took from his girdle a little bear and drew from it a fur.

"Spare it, spare it, Michael, whose squint eyes sparkle!" you have sabres, when most of the colonists cannot procure those they owe the emperor! Why did you not tell me so when you paid the tax? I would have bought it then."

"I do not sell to those who might refuse to pay me," said Nicholas.

"How? What mean you?" exclaimed the tax-gatherer, assuming an offended air; "explain yourself."

"If you do not understand me, why are you angry?" replied the young man, coldly.

The tax-gatherer seemed disconcerted, and made a gesture of vexation; but, commanding himself immediately, burst into a laugh.

"The reindeer, eating only from its stem the lichen on which it feeds, can sustain but a few hours in cities. This is the reason why all the wealthy citizens of Siberia cities."



"Come," resumed he, "Nicholas the inflexible will be always the same; but as the proverb says, it is only a fool who will be disturbed by the speech of a fool. Buy his sable, Daniel. But take care lest the abode of the animal in a thick copse has given the skin a yellowish hue, and deprived it of half its value."

The merchant was about to take up the skin to examine it, when a great noise was heard at the entrance to the room. The name of the tax-gatherer was repeated. Michael Kitsoff arose and went to meet the persons who were in search of him.

The Cossacks of the garrison were bringing a colonist whom they had been ordered to arrest. The latter walked in the middle of his guards, accompanied by a dog, whom Nicholas recognized at the first glance to be Vulcan. At the exclamation of surprise uttered by the young man, the writing-master (for it was he) turned.

"Monsieur Rosow!"

"Pere Godereau!"

These two exclamations were uttered almost simultaneously. The young Russian advanced towards the old writing-master with extended arms, while the latter, in consequence of a French habit, which he seemed to have retained in spite of his change of costume, carried his hand to the hood of his gown, and placed himself in the third position to bow. Rosow embraced him.

"You here, Pere Godereau!" exclaimed he. "And I was far from expecting to meet you," said the good man, joyfully; "so I did not come voluntarily, as you see."

He looked at the Cossacks.

"What has happened to you, my poor comrade!" asked Nicholas, with interest; "are you again the victim of an error?"

"An error!" repeated Michael Kitsoff; "who speaks of an error? This old man is a rebel."

"I!" said Godereau, opening his eyes wide with astonished astonishment.

"Have you not neglected to pay the *isak*?"

"It is true."

"And do you not know that all those who refuse to pay the two sables due to the empire must be treated as rebels?"

"It is impossible," said Godereau, with firmness.

"How! have you the boldness to deny the laws?"

"I say it is impossible," repeated the writing-master, in a decided tone; "your empress has common sense, she has not!"

"Dare you doubt it, wretch?"

"On the contrary, it is for that reason I believe her incapable of demanding the sable-skins of me, a professor of calligraphy. I am not a hunter, sir, and at my age people do not care to catch foxes and squirrels. I am fifty-five. Since your empress has common sense, by your own acknowledgment, you, who are her representative, ought to exact a tax of capital letters or flourishes. I can make you endless serpents, birds' heads, ivy leaves; but, as to these rabbit-skins, which you call sables, it would be as reasonable to demand of me an elephant or a Montreuil melon."

The writing-master had pronounced this species of plea with heroic dignity, and like a man sure of crushing his adversary beneath the weight of their own absurdity. Michael Kitsoff appeared to judge, in fact, that there was nothing to reply; for he turned towards the Cossacks and ordered them to conduct the old writing-master to prison. The latter started.

"How!" exclaimed he; "but this is not a reply, sir; I have given you reasons—"

"And I demand sable-skins," harshly interrupted the tax-gatherer. "There is no alternative, the *isak* or the dungeon."

The old man would have protested again, but Kitsoff made a sign to his guards, and the latter were about to lead him away when Rosow intervened.

"Take the right of the empress," said he, presenting to the tax-gatherer the box which contained his two sable-furs, "and give the old man his liberty."

Kitsoff looked at Nicholas with astonishment.

"What! Will you pay for him?" exclaimed he.

"Is there anything to prevent?"

"Nothing, nothing," hastily replied the tax-gatherer, who, having already placed Godereau's name on the list of colonists incapable of paying the *isak*, hoped to profit himself by this unexpected payment.

The old writing-master attempted to oppose some objections to the generosity of his former companion; but Rosow stopped him short, saying that there would be an account to be regulated between him and by-and-by.

"Alas! the regulating is already done," said Godereau, affected; "I shall not be a better debtor to you than to the empress. I have vainly attempted, since I have lived in this country, to acquire its habits—I am fifty-five years old—all my attempts have failed. My *isak*, badly constructed, became uninhabitable in the earliest months; the grain which I sowed has failed, the revenue given me have been devoured by the wolves. I had recourse to hunting and fishing; but I scarcely perceived the elks at ten paces, and the fish always escaped my net. Finally, when I saw that my unskillfulness and inexperience rendered my efforts unavailing, I abandoned all."

"And how have you lived?"

"In summer I had the fruits of the forest, the milk of two reindeer which remained, and the eggs of wild ducks."

"But during the cold season?"

"I solicited a cabin of the poor of one of the merchants of Beresov, and the very day, when I was arrested, was in search of one."

Rosow looked at the old man with compassion. His face no longer wore that grotesque but benevolent and honest serenity, which gave to his very ugliness something prepossessing. Suffering had imprinted there a sort of uneasy and, as it were, morbid sadness. Nicholas was touched with this change.

"For Pere Godereau," said he, placing his hand again on the shoulder of the old man, "you must have suffered much the past year."

"In winter, especially, sir," returned the old man, with a slightly softened accent. "A professor of calligraphy is not accustomed to eat the bread of alms. Then the hospitality of the merchant must be paid by assiduous labor, and when this labor is that of an old man, like myself, it is unprofitable, and you are made to feel it. I should have alone, I could have endured all patiently; I would have accepted without saying anything the fragments of fish and spoiled reindeer; but Vulcan was educated in a civilized country, sir; he grew poor daily, and when I asked for him, for him only, more Christian food, the merchant replied that I was mad—mad because I could not see an old servant suffer. But why speak to you of all this? The will of God must be done, and I ought not to weary you with my complaints."

At these words Godereau made an effort as if to shake off his emotion, and asked Rosow if Oldow would consent to receive him for the winter.

"I have then resigned to a renewal of this life of slavery and privations?" observed Nicholas.

"Alas!" replied the old writing-master, "I have no choice but between the cabin of the poor or my hat without provisions."

"You are miserable," said Rosow, amicably.

"There is, at half a day's journey from this, an *isak*, where your place is marked out."

"How, what for?" asked the good man.

"Miss, Pere Godereau."

"What! would you—"

"Take you and Vulcan to board, that you may see whether my living suits you better than that of the merchant."

Godereau attempted to speak, but could not; all his features were contracted, and two large tears rolled down his cheeks. He took the hand of the young man with lively gratitude, and carried it to his lips. Rosow withdrew it, coloring.

"Fie, Pere Godereau," exclaimed he, "do you take me for a prince, accustomed to having my hand kissed? What I propose to you is simply an association."

And as he said that the old man was about to reply, he hastily continued:

"Come, come, you accept, it is agreed. Have you any business at Beresov?"

"None," replied Godereau.

"Then let us go."

The *isak* of Rosow was large enough to receive without difficulty a new guest. The young man pointed out beside the fire-place, a spot for Vulcan, installed the writing-master in the most convenient room, and invited him to take some rest there. But Godereau declared that he wished to contribute his share to the common labor, and undertook the care of the house, while Nicholas continued to occupy himself with hunting and fishing.

The result of this division of labor was an order and comfort which surprised Rosow, and the honor of which he ascribed to his associate.

But the efforts of the labor for the welfare of Rosow were the least of his cares; he desired and hoped to be able to give him a more important proof of his gratitude.

A witness of the gloomy sadness which sometimes seized the young man in spite of all his courage, and diving the involuntary remembrances which bore him at intervals back to his native country, to the midst of his friends, he thought incessantly of the means of causing to be repaired the injustice committed on his behalf.

Notwithstanding what had been said to him, and in spite of more than one experiment, he had been unable to renounce the project of forwarding a petition to St. Petersburg. Without saying anything to Nicholas Rosow, he therefore began to prepare a detailed request in his favor, recommending twenty times, to make it clearer, more intelligible, and exhausting in the writing all the resources of his calligraphic talent. Once finished, he carefully enclosed it in a leather purse which he always carried with him, awaiting a favorable opportunity to forward it to the empress.

Meanwhile winter had come, and the snow covered the ground. Nicholas, who often went to the neighboring village, returned one day with an order addressed to Godereau, which had been handed him by one of the Cossacks of the Governor. The writing-master was ordered to Beresov to explain his change of residence, proceeding for which he had neglected to obtain.

He was at first terrified at this summons; but Nicholas assured him that by means of some gold he could be arranged with the commandant Lefebvroug and it was agreed that they should set out together on the morrow, for Beresov.

The next day both assumed their winter garments to be ready for a start. They began by putting on a pair of snow-shoes, formed of two planks six feet long and six inches wide, slightly bent towards the ground, and pointed at the two extremities. They afterwards put in their belts a hatchet, to open a path through the forest, or to break the ice, in *lozintins* (wooden shovels) to remove the snow, and a bag of sturgeon-skin filled with *porra* (fish dried in the sun and ground into meal), finally, they armed themselves with an iron staff, garnished six inches from the ground, with a large round piece of wood, to prevent them from being buried in the snow. Thus furnished with everything necessary, they started, followed by Vulcan, who walked silently and with downward head.

But hardly were they on their way when the snow began to fall in large flakes. The air was calm and cold; the *lobos* or Siberian marmots re-entered the crevices of the rocks, and when they passed the *isak* of the Ostiaks, the dogs kept silent.

Rosow appeared anxious at these signs, which announced a storm.

"We should have done better to have delayed our journey," said he, seeking to observe the dull and was sky; "I fear the *porra* (snow storm)."

"Perhaps we can reach Beresov before it," replied Godereau.

"I doubt it. Look at the horizon. At any rate, let us make haste; for if night should surprise us in this country, we should run the risk of never again seeing the day."

They quickened their pace; but, in spite of their snow-shoes, advanced with difficulty. The country was silent and deserted. Scarcely did the *isak*, closed and buried beneath their wintry shroud, betray their existence by here and there a light smoke. Very soon Godereau and Nicholas ceased to encounter them. The snow, which fell more and more thickly, formed a sort of cloud which interrupted the daylight. Two or three times, the travelers thought they perceived in the obscurity, sledges passing, drawn by horses or reindeer, but this was something swift and indistinct as a vision.

Their march became slower and slower; daylight at last disappeared, and the wind began to arise. The snow whirled thick and frozen. Godereau, who had until then marched in silence, stopped breathless, and, placing both hands on his half-frozen face, said to Rosow:

"I can go no farther."

"Courage," replied the young man; "at the first firm wood we will halt. Make haste, Pere Godereau, the *porra* is at our heels!"

The old man made an effort, and continued sometimes beside Nicholas. But night had come, and the north wind blew.

Our two travellers were following the edge of a ravine, supporting themselves by their iron staves, when a cry resounded amid the heavy sighing of the storm. Both stopped.

"Did you hear it?" asked Rosow.

"It was a call."

"In this direction."

"Almost at our feet."

"Listen!"

The same cry resounded again.

"It is a human voice!" said Rosow, earnestly.

"Do you not see something near this birch?" added the old writing-master.

Rosow advanced towards the object indicated.

"It is a sledge, the traces of which are broken," said he.

"The traveller who occupied it must have been precipitated to the bottom of the ravine."

"We must draw him from it."

"And how shall we get access to him?"

As Godereau said this question, Vulcan, who was stooping over the precipice and smelling, began to bark.

"Your dog seems some one," said Nicholas.

"In fact, it seems as if he wished to descend. Here, Vulcan."

"Let him go, he will guide us."

In fact, the dog cleared a path without delay down the declivity of the ravine, aiding himself by some projecting rocks, and the two travellers followed him.

But midway down the precipice, they were arrested by a slope of steep and slippery ice which it was impossible to descend; it was necessary to cut steps with a hatchet. At last, having reached the bottom of the fissure, they perceived a man half buried under the snow, and recognized the tax-gatherer, Michael Kitsoff.

The latter was almost sufficed at sight of his deliverers; nevertheless, he was reassured by the eagerness to assist him. His fall had been as fatal as possible, and his injuries were limited to bruises. The two oxles placed him on his feet and assisted him out of the ravine; but when they reached the summit of the declivity, a whirlwind of snow drove them back. There was a moment when Nicholas remained terrified and hesitating. The *porra* reigned in all violence, and the obscurity was so profound, that neither could perceive his companion. Michael Kitsoff began to utter cries of terror mingled with lamentations and prayers. But Rosow, who had almost immediately recovered his presence of mind, imposed on him silence.

"Keep between you and be silent!" said he, hastily; "your complaints can be of use to no one, and you run no more risk than we do."

"If we re-enter the ravine, it may serve us as a shelter," observed the writing-master.

"Say rather as a tomb," replied Nicholas; "to-morrow the snow will have filled this abyss, and no human force could draw us from it."

"What is to be done then?"

"We must gain a forest, if we can find one."

"Let us try," said Godereau, to whom peril had restored a momentary vigor.

All three set out. The intensity of the *porra*, far from decreasing, seemed to redouble at every instant, but, silently, and without warning. They heard neither the murmur of the winds, nor the rushing of distant torrents; all was mute, dull and motionless.

The two oxles and their companion continued some time to advance in random, half stifled by the snow. At last, Nicholas, who was marching first, suddenly stopped.

"We are approaching a shelter!" he exclaimed.

"How do you know?" asked Kitsoff.

"Do you not feel that the whirlwind has here less force? It must be that we have on the right a mountain or a forest which shields us."

"Make haste, then, let us turn to the right."

Hardly had they taken a few steps in this direction, when they breathed more freely. In proportion as they advanced, the snow became less deep; at last it ceased; they had arrived at the outskirts of a thick forest of firs.

A light which they perceived through the trees made them quicken their pace in hopes to find a habitation. They arrived at a clearing, in the midst of which stood a ruined *isak*. It was open, and illuminated by the remains of an almost consumed fire; but it was easy to recognize it, by the absence of furniture, for one of those cabins of refuge destined for travellers lost or overtaken by the storm.

Nicholas rejoiced at an encounter which enabled them to wait for day beneath a shelter and without danger; but Godereau, who had up to this moment accorded all his attention and all his strength to accompany his companions, then called Vulcan, and perceived that he was no longer with them.

This discovery threw the old professor into despair. He ran to the edge of the forest, and began to call his dog with all the intonations which the spaiel was accustomed to recognize; it was in vain. The desolate old man wished, in spite

of his fatigue, to retrace his steps; but Rosow opposed it energetically, and brought him back almost by force to the *isak* of refuge.

Michael Kitsoff had already established himself there before the fire on a bed of branches. Although his fall had left all his limbs in pain, he was disposed to take some nourishment, and asked of Rosow a little *porra* which he dissolved with snow in a leather cup. The young man urged Godereau to do the same; but the loss of his dog had deprived the latter of all his courage. Nicholas attempted to console him by leading him to hope that Vulcan might be found on the morrow; then spreading some fir-branches on the floor, he lay down beside the tax-gatherer and fell asleep.

A part of the night had rolled away. Godereau, yielding to fatigue, had at last extended himself beside his travelling companions, and sleep overtook him in his turn.

Meanwhile, he had not forgotten Vulcan, and several times awoke, thinking he recognized his bark. Deceived by this species of hallucination, he had just opened his eyes for the tenth time, perhaps, when he saw the cabin illuminated by a bright and ruddy light. He sat up asking himself if he was not still the sport of a dream; but the light became more brilliant, and a burning breath suddenly penetrated the *isak*.

Godereau uttered a cry which awoke the tax-gatherer and Nicholas.

"What is the matter?" asked both at once.

"Look!" exclaimed Godereau, pointing to the illuminated *isak*.

Both rose and ran to the door—the whole of one side of the forest of firs was on fire.

Their first impulse was to hasten in the opposite direction; but hardly had they entered the thicket, when they encountered the flames which forced them to retrace their steps. They ran in another direction, then in a third; the fire was everywhere; and, after a thousand useless detours, they found themselves again in the clearing near the *isak* of refuge.

Nicholas had often heard of those immense fires kindled in the forests of Siberia by the friction of trees, lightning, or a brazier forgotten by some hunter; but this was the first time he had been an eye-witness of one of these disasters, and he was almost as much bewildered as his companions.

The nature of the spot, besides, rendered their position such, that experience and reflection could serve only to show the impossibility of deliverance. Its whole circumference in a blaze, the forest seemed to draw a circle of flame around the travellers. A single point was sheltered from the conflagration; but there arose a group of inaccessible rocks, and it was at their feet that the cabin had been built to which Nicholas and his companions had now returned.

This surrounded by the flames from which they saw no way to escape, it was useless for them to attempt to do so. Nothing remained but to resign themselves to await death in this fiery circle which drew closer and closer each instant.

Rosow declared that all hope was over, and that each had but to think of his soul. Godereau submitted in silence, and seated himself at the foot of the rocks with more resolution than one would have expected from his peaceful soul; but Michael Kitsoff fell into a despair bordering on delirium. His cowardice inspired Nicholas with a disgust which he could not conceal, and ceasing to attempt to quiet his fears, he went to sit down by the old writing-master.

The latter sat with his head down murmuring a prayer; but on hearing Nicholas approach, he extended his hand to the young man. Nicholas took it with emotion.

"I was in the wrong to have allowed you to attempt this journey," said he. "I should have been more patient."

"Do not think of me, Rosow," said the old man; "my life was never over—it is I alone who may attempt to live for."

And casting a glance over the rocks, he asked in a troubled voice:

"Are you sure it would be impossible to climb them, Nicholas? You are young and active. Do not think of me. Look, these bushes which hang from the rock may aid you."

As he spoke thus, the old man had approached the rock—but he suddenly stopped, his arms extended, his head inclined.

"Do you hear nothing?" asked he of the young man.

"Nothing but the crackling of the flames," replied Nicholas.

"There, among the rocks. Again I am not mistaken, it is the bark of Vulcan."

Nicholas listened, and thought he heard it also.

"He must have been lost in the woods, and surprised by the fire."

"No, no," interrupted Godereau, to whom his attachment for Vulcan gave an acute subsistence of hearing; "the voice proceeds not from the forest, but from the rock. Do you hear it?"

"Make haste, then, let us turn to the right," said Godereau, who was now as much confused and stifled, but suddenly it flashed forth. Nicholas and Godereau raised their eyes at the same time—the head of Vulcan had just appeared amid the tufts of alders that concealed one of the fissures of the rock.

"It is he!" exclaimed the old writing-master, with a joyful fervor; "but how has he been able to rejoin us!"

Nicholas, who was looking at the rock, appeared struck by a gleam of light, and uttered a cry of joy.

"Ah, I understand," said he; "look, look, Pere Godereau; these bushes in the midst of which Vulcan appears, conceal an opening; and see these icicles beneath. It is the bed of a torrent which flows from the table-land above. We are saved, for the passage which your dog has followed on his way from the strappes, may probably serve us to return thither; and at all events, we shall find there a shelter from the fire."

"But how shall we reach this fissure?"

"I will show you."

He ran to the *isak* of refuge, seized one of the beams which supported the ruined roof, cut it with the hatchet at equal distances; then,

resting it against the rock and placing his foot in this species of step he reached a projection above, and from thence the opening where Vulcan was continuing to bark.

Kitsoff, whom this barking had aroused from his stupor, hastened to follow the young man, and, with some effort Godereau joined them.

As Rosow had divined the fissure concealed by the tufts of alders, was the bed of a frozen torrent. Although the entrance to it was low and narrow, the young man did not hesitate to risk it. Vulcan, who seemed to comprehend his intention, re-entered the obscure passage to serve as a guide. Rosow was at first obliged to follow him by crawling on his knees; but at the expiration of a few minutes the vault of the passage opened, allowing a view of the heavens, and he found himself in a deep and contracted ravine which led by a gentle declivity to the summit of the mountain.

When our three travellers had reached this summit, the day had begun to appear, the *porra* was appeased, and, at the first rays of dawn, Nicholas recognized the spot where he was.

But the fatigues of the preceding day and the emotions of the night had exhausted their strength; the tax-gatherer, especially, was incapable of continuing. He therefore resolved to gain the *isak* of an Ostiak whom he knew, and where he was sure of finding everything necessary for his companions and himself.

The *isak* was built beside the Ob, on a steppe little wooded, but fertile in pasturage. When he reached it with his companions, all the dogs, who were lying, as usual, at the door of the habitation, in holes which the warmth of their bodies had made in the snow, rose, barking gently, as if to warn their master, Eric Roeb. These dogs were all of the size of a large spaniel, the most part white, but with black and upright ears, short hair, long and tufted tails. On seeing the meagreness of these faithful animals, always hungry, without shelter, and subjected to the rude labor of drawing sledges, Godereau could not suppress a sigh, which he accompanied by a look of tenderness addressed to Vulcan.

Meanwhile, our travellers had stopped on the threshold, to remove with their knives, according to the Ostiak custom, the snow which covered their fur boots. As they finished, Eric Roeb came to open the door, bidding them welcome.

The *isak* was divided into several small rooms all opening into the one into which they had entered. This room, which formed the lodging-room, was warmed by a clay fireplace surrounded by an iron boiler; a day's wood stacked against this fireplace, and a sort of stove made from it. All around the *isak* ran a sort of bench, six feet wide, serving as a bed by night, and a work-bench in the day. On one side, near the door was the *isak-koi*, a kind of wooden tray, in which was deposited the food to be used during the day; on the other, a skin of untanned leather in which the milk was allowed to sour for the daily drink called *koum*. Two women, their heads veiled with a tissue of nettle-thread, and their girdles garnished with such shavings of the larch-tree which in Siberia take the place of linen for all coarser usages, were occupied before the fire in distilling the *koum* which they transformed into milk-brandy *arousou*. Finally, in the most remote corner, a dozen young dogs who were raised for their fur, were fastened to one of the beams which supported the *isak*.

Eric Roeb offered some stools to his three guests, and went to the *isak-koi* to seek two fishes which he served up to them on a wooden dish.

[CONCLUDED ON THE NEXT PAGE.]

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